THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XI. NO. 49. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1892. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The enterprise to which the conductors of the *United Irishman* had committed themselves and their fortunes, may well be deemed hazardous and even desperate. No one could more fully appreciate its perils than they who undertook it. To rouse to armed resistance a poor and carefully disarmed people, whose country was occupied at every point by a numerous army, and whose "upper classes" were generally altogether devoted to British rule,—not for love of British rule, indeed, but for fear of their own countrymen,—and to attempt this in open day, and in defiance of the well understood principle and practice of Irish law courts, all in the full power and possession of the enemy,—was an undertaking which perhaps could end only in one way. But what then? Ireland was our country. The Irish race was our flesh and blood. The alternative was, either to see a foreign enemy scourge our people from the face of their own land, by famine and pestilence, "law," political economy, and red tape, or to set our backs to the wall and fight to the death.

As to our slender chances of success, they consisted mainly in this: The leading members of the Whig administration, then in power, had uniformly, and with apparent sincerity, protested against the practice of packing juries in Ireland; and we were well aware that it would be with extreme reluctance they would prosecute the *United Irishman*, seeing they could hope for nothing but defeat if they gave a fair trial. Then if, through irresolution, or regard for "consistency,"—it would be too strong to say conscience,—they should forbear to prosecute for even a few months, until another harvest should be ripe and gathered, we made no doubt that we could in that time have the people as ripe as the harvest.

We knew, indeed, that they were Whigs, "Liberals," and therefore treacherous as the wind, and false as the Father of Lies; but counted somewhat on their cowardice. We had yet to learn that every Englishman, even a Whig, could be brave in such a cause.

Here, I am not solicitous to avoid the appearance of egotism; and seeing the ignominious defeat of all our efforts, it is no great boast, heaven knows, to have had "the carriage of the cause" in those days. But the mere fact is, that the English government was fully conscious that the enemy they had now to deal with was the *United Irishman*, and the spirit and purpose which it existed and represented. This became more manifest when news burst in upon us of the February revolution in Paris, and the flight of King Louis Philippe; for between the French people and the Irish there has always been an electric telegraph, whose signals never fail; and British statesmen had not forgotten that it was the first great French Revolution which cost them the Irish war of '98. The February revolution, also, at once obliterated the feuds of the Irish Confederation. Nobody would now be listened to there, who proposed any other mode of redress for Irish grievances than the sword. Reilly and myself, without ceremony, walked back into its meetings; and a resolution was passed with enthusiastic acclamation, that the Confederate clubs should become armed and officered, so that each man should know his right hand and his left hand comrade, and the man whose word he should obey. All the second-rate cities, as well as Dublin, and all the country towns, were now full of clubs, which assumed military and revolutionary names,—the "Sarsfield Club," the "Emmet Club," and so forth; and the business of arming proceeded with commendable activity. Such young men as could afford it, provided themselves with rifles and bayonets; those who had not the means for this got pikeheads made; and there was much request for ash poles. What was still more alarming to the enemy, the soldiers in several garrisons were giving unmistakable symptoms of sharing in the general excitement; not Irish soldiers alone, but even English and Scottish, who had Chartist ideas. A large part of the circulation of the *United Irishman*, in spite of all the efforts and exertions made by the officers, was in military barracks.

What was the "government" to do? It was very plain that the island would not long hold both the "government" and me. Which, then, was to go? It is easy now to say that could hardly be doubted; but it was not easy then. New regiments were poured into Ireland, of course; and Dublin held an army of 10,000 men—infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers. The barrack accommodations being insufficient, many large buildings were taken as temporary barracks; the deserted palaces of the Irish aristocracy, — as Aldborough House, on the northeast, the deserted halls of manufactures and trade, in "The Liberty," and the Linen Hall were occupied by detachments. The Bank of Ireland,—our old Parliament House,—had cannon mounted over the entablatures of its stately Ionic colonnades; and the vast and splendid Custom House, not being now needed for trade (our imports being all from the "sister country," and our exports all to the same), was quite commodious as a barrack and arsenal. The quiet quadrangles of Trinity College were the scene of daily parades; and the loyal board of that institution gave up the wing which commands Westmoreland street, College street and Dame street, to be occupied by troops. Superb squadrons of hussars, of lancers and of dragoons rode continually through and around the city; infantry practiced platoon firing in the squares; heavy guns, strongly guarded, were for ever rolling along the pavements; and parties of horse artillery showed all mankind how quickly and dexterously they could wheel and aim, and load and fire at the crossings of the streets. These military demonstrations, and the courts of "Law," constituted the open and avowed powers and agencies of the enemy.

But there was a secret and subterranean machinery. The editor of the *World* was now on full pay, and on terms of close intimacy at the Castle and Vice regal Lodge—that is, private and back-door intimacy; for such a creature could by no means be admitted to decent society. His paper was gratuitously furnished to all hotels and public houses by means of secret-service money. Dublin swarmed with detectives; they went at night to get their instructions at the Castle, from Col. Brown, head of the police department; and it was well known to be one of their regular duties to gain admittance to the clubs of the Confederation, where it afterwards appeared that they had been the most daring counsellors of treason and riot.

A man named Kirwan went to a blacksmith in the city and gave him an order for some pikes, intimating mysteriously that they were wanted for the "revolution." The smith made the pikes, and Kirwan immediately brought them to the Castle. He was a paid detective and informer; but on this occasion, the detective was detected, through the vigilance of Mr. Arkins, who had him before a bench of magistrates. A note book was found in his possession full of memoranda connected with his pursuit, among which I saw several jottings concerning myself. In fact, for several months, I found myself haunted by detectives in various disguises, and never went into my own house, or out of it, without being watched. We have all heard much of the espionage prevailing in France and in Austria. Neither of them, however, is furnished with a police so omnipresent, so inevitable, above all, so treacherous,—as Ireland.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

OBITUARY.

MRS. RICHARD PRENDERGAST.

A sad and sudden bereavement came upon the Hon. Richard Prendergast, of this city, ex county judge, last Monday, in the death of his amiable wife, Mrs. Winifrid Prendergast, which resulted from an attack of scarlet fever, complicated with the grip. The family returned from Wheaton, Ill., where Judge Prendergast has a summer residence, about a month ago. Mrs. Prendergast complained of feeling ill on Thanksgiving Day, but attended to her household duties as usual. At night, she showed alarming febrile symptoms, and three of the leading doctors of the city were summoned to her bedside. In spite of all that medical science could suggest or accomplish for her relief, her symptoms refused to yield to treatment, and she grew gradually worse until death finally relieved her sufferings. The blow is a terrible one to Judge Prendergast, as the affliction falls on six little children, the eldest only 9 years old, as well as on himself. Three are boys and three girls. Mrs. Prendergast, who was cousin-german to Judge E. F. Dunne, of the circuit court, was born in Ireland and her maiden surname was the same as that of her husband. She was only 32 years old, and, up to the time of her fatal seizure, was a model of health, vigor and womanly comeliness. The funeral was from the residence on Jackson boulevard, Wednesday morning, and was strictly private, only the immediate friends of the stricken family and the pall-bearers being present. High mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Thomas F. Cushman, and his assistant priests, at St. Jarlath's church, at which Mrs. Prendergast had been a devout attendant during her residence in Chicago. The relics of the lamented deceased were laid to rest in Calvary cemetery.

GEN. RICHARD H. JACKSON.

Brevet Brig.-Gen. Richard H. Jackson, lieutenant-colonel of the Fourth Artillery, died at Fort McPherson, near Atlanta, Ga., on Monday, from disease incurred by receiving a stroke of lightning while guarding Gen. U. S. Grant's remains at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., in July, 1885. Gen. Jackson was a native of Ireland, and was born in 1832. He came to this country with his parents when a lad, and in 1851 enlisted in the Fourth Regiment of Artillery as a private. At the outbreak of the war he had risen to the rank of first lieutenant, and in February, 1862, attained a captaincy. He participated honorably in many of the battles in Virginia, receiving brevet promotions for meritorious conduct at the battles of Drury's Bluff and Newmarket Heights. In March, 1865, he received the brevet of brigadier-general for gallant and meritorious services during the campaign of 1864, and in November of the same year was brevetted major-general of volunteers for services during the war. In February, 1866, he was mustered out of the volunteer service and assigned to his old regiment. He became major of the Fifth Artillery Regiment in July, 1880, and lieutenant colonel of the Fourth artillery in December, 1888. He was regarded as one of the best artillery officers in the service, and stood fourth on the list of lieutenant-cols. in that branch of the army. His only son died a few years ago, while a cadet at West Point, and his death bed was a lonely one.

The Best Authorities,

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cures catarrh.

THE SHAMROCK SHINES.

Defeat of the Scotlands by the Irelands in a Game of Football Played on Thanksgiving Day.

The Thistle May Win Some Other Day but It Failed on that Occasion.

Two thousand enthusiasts, says the *Herald*, saw a one-sided game of football played between the "Irelands" and the "Scotlands" in the old-fashioned way at the grounds of the Gaelic Association, Thirty seventh street and Indiana avenue, Thursday afternoon. It was cold enough to make the spectators shiver and dance a jig step now and then, but it was just the right sort of weather for the stalwart young men who, stripped to a single layer of clothing, laughed at the chilly atmosphere. One sturdy Scotchman was bare-legged, and none of the players had on enough clothing to make a comforable July costume.

The score resulted in a sweeping victory for the seventeen known for discrimination merely, as the "Irelands." They were Gaelic members all, as were some of their opponents, who were called the "Scotlands," but the latter organization was made up for the most part of members of various clubs throughout the city. Consequently in playing, as in costume, they did not harmonize very well. The Gaels all wore the green suit, with monogram of the association, that they usually appear in on the field.

Very few brilliant plays characterized the unequal contest. From start to finish it was an easy task for the Gaels to beat the Scotchmen, who were not acquainted with the peculiar rules under which the game was played. The use of the hands in propelling the ball, which was utilized to advantage by the Gaels, proved particularly puzzling to their adversaries, who could not learn the knack of the rule in one game. Next time they play they will do better. It was evident from the beginning of the first half that the Scotch side had no chance. The Gaels got the ball going their way, and when the game was over they had made four goals and nine points to the single point of their opponents.

The game was called at half past three, an hour later than the time announced. When the clubs stepped upon the field they were constituted as follows:

Scotlands—Captain, Broadfoot; goal keeper, Butcher; full backs, Wilson and Harris; half backs, Cawthorne, McKnight and Graham; left wings, Cook and Campbell; right wings, Turnbull and Dawson; centers, Sharp and Calder; forwards, Bellew, Broadfoot, Carr, Crerar and Tretheway.

Irelands—Captain, Martin; goalkeeper, Dillon; full backs, Sullivan and Ahearn; half backs, Murphy, Miles and Enright; left wings, Pollard and Burke; right wings, Mahony and Fitzgerald; centers, Curtin and Martin; forwards, Naughton, Prindy, E. Ahearn, Hanlon and Dorgan.

At the beginning the Irelands got the ball and by a process of combined kicking and cuffing managed to advance it from the center of the field to within twenty feet of their goal, when Naughton kicked it cleanly beneath the top-bar of the goal, scoring first. Welsh made another goal, Dan Ahearn two points and Naughton another, when time was called on the first half without the Scotlands having been able to score.

In the second half the boys had warmed up to their work and there was some lively kicking, with brilliant defense by Butcher, the Scotland's goal-keeper, who got a bad fall while running with the ball. Six points and two goals were made in rapid succession by the Irelands, Welsh and Dorgan distinguishing themselves by a joint play, in which the latter brought the ball up to the goal and the former sent it safely between with a well-aimed slap of the hand. Daniel Ahearn kicked the other goal and Naughton, Ahearn, Mahony and Sullivan made the points. Up to this time the Scotlands had not been able to score, but just at the last minute of the game Calder kicked the ball past the goal, making a point.

Tremendous cheering was kept up during the game by the friends of the players. Arthur Donoghue acted as referee, while Thomas J. Condon, for the Irelands, and David K. Park, for the Scotlands, were umpires at the north goal, and Jas. O'Callahan and J. G. Davis at the south end. The time of the game was one hour. The receipts were for the benefit of the Gaelic Association. Other games are planned for the near future, if the weather permits.

COLUMBIAS VS. THISTLES.

Nearly 1,000 persons were attracted to the match under Gaelic rules on the city baseball grounds at Lincoln and Polk streets Thursday between the Columbias and the Thistles. It was the latter's first essay at the Irish game and after the first fifteen minutes they played fairly well. As it was they scored 1 goal and 2 points against 3 goals and 5 points for the Columbias. The teams lined up at 3:15 o'clock, and the Columbias immediately rushed matters. The Thistles could make no headway and were sorely pressed. The first goal was made by Dougherty and the second from out of a scrimmage, a Scot kicking the ball through his own goal. When half time was called the Columbias led by a couple of goals and a point to nothing. The second half began with a surprise for the Columbias, the Thistles running west in a body and Connolly scoring a clean goal. The Columbias added a goal and when time was called the score stood: Columbias, 3 goals 5 points; Thistles, 1 goal 2 points. The teams were:

Columbias—Captain, W. Powers; E. Powers, Nugent, McCarthy, Carney, M. Ryan, Welch, J. Ryan, Agnew, Burke, Barrett, J. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, Clark, Hall, P. Ryan, Crane, Craddock, Corbett, Lisk and Barry.

Thistles—Captain, J. McMillan; Melloy, Townsend, Miller, Skinner, Irving, Connolly, Patterson, Judge, Wallace, Ward, Mutrie, Loudon, Elliott, Moffatt, Barr, McEwan, Turner, Weir, Wright and Judge.

Referee, J. O'Connor; umpire for Thistles, Edward Campbell; umpire for Columbias, J. Mulcahey.

THE PARIS FUND AND MR. DILLON.

[To the Editor.]

I have read a cablegram in the Nashville *Daily American* of this date, which reads as follows: "Dublin, Nov. 28.—John Dillon spoke to a meeting of anti Parnellites yesterday in county Roscommon. In the course of his speech he challenged the Parnellites to show that they had received one dollar from either America or the British colonies in support of their cause. He maintained that the full sympathy of Irishmen abroad was with the anti-Parnellites."

When Mr. John Dillon says that the full sympathy of the Irish-Americans in the United States is on the side of the McCarthyite party, he is greatly in error. He does not understand the trend of public opinion of Irish Americans when he challenges the Parnellite party to show that they could not show one dollar received from here. If Mr. Dillon had read the platform adopted at the Irish National League convention at Chicago, Oct., 1891, he would find that the resolutions adopted said no money would be sent to Ireland to either party until the two wings became united into one National party; then the friends of Ireland in America would send their money with a will, as in the past, for the Irish cause. It would like to ask Mr. Dillon, through THE CITIZEN, how freely has money been sent from this country to the Federation party since the crisis? I am surprised that so much incorrectness of statement should be manifested by Mr. Dillon. The appeal made by the McCarthyite party a short time ago from their Parliamentary majority, in behalf of the evicted tenants, has been received very coldly in this country, and why? Because the appeal, coming as it did from one wing of the Irish party, for the evicted tenants, those wounded soldiers who braved the storm and left their homes at the dictation of Mr. Dillon and other members of Parliament, and the news, coming from Ireland, about the Paris funds for the evicted tenants, was enough to make the friends of Ireland in America blush with shame.

If the people in Ireland were united as they ought to be, I would venture to say that within twenty-four hours the amount of the Paris fund could be raised in the city of Chicago alone for the evicted tenants, besides what could be raised by our people throughout the United States, which would count millions. The true friends of Ireland in America know no Federalist or Factionist, Parnellite or McCarthyite, but one solid Irish National party in Ireland. The divided parties in Ireland should take the good advice that THE CITIZEN suggested to the Parliamentary party time and again, since the crisis came upon Ireland, in stating to them that the divided parties should come together and bury all differences.

JAMES KILLELEA,
President Parnell Branch I. N. L. of A.,
Nashville, Tenn.

The Gaelic Class.

The meeting last Sunday was largely attended, and many of the scholars whose absence has been noticed of late were on hand. A few new members from the Gaelic Athletic Association were also present, and were authorized to invite others from the various clubs to attend. The thanks of the whole school were publicly offered to President Raleigh for his zeal in teaching his advanced class, and a letter was received from Mr. T. O'Neill Russell saying that the new books now in course of preparation in the *Irish-American* office would soon be issued. The Grammar class will shortly be supplied with Joyce's Irish edition, and everything promises well for a successful winter's schooling; but there should be at least 500 men and 100 young ladies in the class. The few we have bear cheerful testimony to the respectful courtesy of the gentlemen, so others should avail of this opportunity to learn to read and sing the hymns of St. Bridget and the songs of Moore. Much praise was bestowed on the THE CITIZEN for the great amount of space it gives the proceedings of the school in its columns, and the friends of Irish literature throughout the Northwest should make THE CITIZEN a welcome guest at every fireside.

The Gaelic Class meets in City Clerk Van Cleave's office, City Hall, from 2 to 5 p. m., Sundays.

MAURICE CRRAN, Sec'y.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE PRESENT TERROR.

Eleanor Kirk Gives Some Sensible Counsel to Those Who Cannot Afford to Make Presents During Holiday Season.

An Eloquent Dissertation on the Virtues of Beef Jelly and the Inutility of Pigs' Stomachs in the Form of Pepsin.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 28.—It is really true, though it cannot seem so to the scores of correspondents who write for advice in regard to Christmas gifts, that it is impossible to reply personally and helpfully to their communications. It does seem to me, however, that the woman who is compelled to "nag her husband for three months before the holiday season for money enough to keep from appearing mean in the eyes of the family," would do well to give up the attempt. The same counsel can profitably be given to those who confess they cannot afford to make presents, but feel under an obligation to do so in order to return previous and expected favors.

This takes the heart and spirit all out of Christmas. A frank statement which begins and ends with "I cannot afford it," is far more in harmony with the occasion because it is the truth. It would be hard for me to think of anything more humiliating to myself or more exasperating and muddling in its effect than to 'nag" a man for Christmas money, or in fact for money for everything. Every wife is entitled to as much of her husband's income as he can afford to give her. This should be handed over regularly and should include Christmas expenses and every other.

If I could not make Christmas presents without making myself a nuisance I would cease to give, or I would earn the money to give with.

Dr. Truman J. Backus, the principal of Packer Institute, in a recent lecture on the education of girls, declared that until women entered our colleges the matter of ventilation was never thought of, but just as soon as they obtained a foothold in these institutions of learning, the men as well as the women were provided with air to breathe.

"Of course Dr. Backus will give woman every possible credit," said a pretty dissenter after the lecture, "because he believes in womam's suffrage, and so does his wife. I don't."

There may be some logic in this remark but it would take an intellectual microscope to find it.

On several occasions I have tried to inform my readers on the subject of Mosquera's Beef Meal, from which so many appetizing and thoroughly hygenic dishes can be made, and which forms the foundation of the now famous Beef Jelly, to which enthusiastic physicians have given the name of "a perfect food."

The beef meal is made from the choicest fresh beef and partly pre-digested by the use of pineapple juice, the best pepsin ever discovered. There is no longer any need of the lining of pigs' stomachs for this purpose. Pineapple juice is much more effective, and human beings possessed of delicate stomachs can quickly appreciate the difference.

One of the most appetizing and healthsoups for a well person or a sick one, is the following:

"One heaping tablespoonful of rice and one pint a half of hot water, or sufficient to have a pint when done. Cook slowly, being careful not to break the kernels. Salt to taste and add a heaping tablespoonful of Mosquera's beef meal, stirring carefully until mixed with the rice. A tablespoonful of cream or a tablespoonful of condensed milk added to this makes a delicate and delicious dish.

Beef Jelly is entirely soluble, and of wonderful nutritive value. For bouillon, dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of water. This jelly is excellent to keep on hand for soup stock. Soups, as ordinarily made, are pleasant because of their flavor but usually valueless as food. When the Mosquera Beef Jelly is added we have something that will nourish the body and refresh the spirit.

A well known politician, and a very popular man, told me the other day of a remarkable dream he had two nights before the election. He is—or was—a staunch Republican—somebody has whispered that there are no Republicans to be found now—and he had bets to the amount of $25,000 on Harrison, beside suits of clothes and hats galore. On the night in question he sought his bed in good reason, perfectly sure that his money was well invested, and straightway went to sleep. After slumbering soundly for some hours he heard his name called by an old friend, who had stood side by side with him during many a campaign, and who had joined the great majority three years or more ago.

"I heard that voice as plainly as I ever heard it in my life—but don't think I really believe I did hear it, or have an atom of faith in the rot called spiritualism. 'Joe,' said the voice, 'you are all off about the election. Cleveland will be swept in by a cyclone. You are safe to bet 50,000 majority on New York state. Ohio even, our Garfield state, is going Democratic; Indiana also.' In fact the voice told me the exact truth, and I took the advice and did some mighty hedging the next day. The result was that I was in $5,000 instead $25,000 and I now have four new suits of clothes and several hats."

How do you account for the knowledge? I inquired.

"Oh, it is one of those things that no fellow can understand."

"But you must have HAD confidence in the advice of Mr. Nobody from nowhere, or you would never have acted on it?"

"Well, yes; I believed it implicitly."

"In the face and eyes of what seemed to you impossible?"

"Just so."

"And you consider it just a common dream?"

"I don't know what I consider it, but I don't believe in spooks."

The above is a fact, and I give it to my readers for what it is worth.

The following statement is made in answer to questions from mothers in different parts of the country, who have had unpleasant experiences in buying children's garments. It is true that goods ordered from Best & Co.'s Lilliputian Bazaar can be returned and exchanged if they do not fit or are in any way unsatisfactory. My friends can depend upon this statement for I have no slightest object in telling an untruth, and I wouldn't tell it if I had. My desire is to help perplexed and weary mothers, as well as those who are not tired.

"I had to keep a very expensive suit for my little boy," one lady writes, "when the house did not comply with my plainly stated conditions. I sent exact measurements and these were disregarded. In every other way the suit was lovely, but it fitted some other little boy and not mine."

To know absolutely where one can get everything one wants at a price adapted to a plethoric or an attenuated purse is a comfort, and to know also that if the purchase isn't satisfactory it will be made so or the money refunded, is an added consolation.

There is no doubt that the social element in Washington and elsewhere will be greatly conserved by having Mrs. Cleveland once more mistress of the White House, but while undoubtedly anxious for her husband's success, I am informed that there have been no rose colored anticipations about her future position. A lady who knows Mrs. Cleveland told me that while no such admission had been made, that she believed that she would infinitely rather stay at Buzzard's Bay and not leave it for the next four years, than to take up the awful responsibility that awaited her at Washington.

What sensible woman would not? I asked myself.

ELEANOR KIRK.

No. 698 Greene avenue.

A SILVER WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Lamb celebrated their silver wedding, and in the evening entertained a large party of friends at their home, No. 3305 Auburn avenue, Thanksgiving night.

Mr. and Mrs. Lamb were married Nov. 24, 1867, at St. James' church by Rev. Father Conway. The issue of the marriage has been thirteen children, and nine are now living. Among those who extended congratulations were Rev. M. J. Dorney and Rev. M. O'Sullivan. The presents were many, and included: Mr. and Mrs. Harvey L. Goodall, silver bell; Mr. and Mrs. William Fallon, cream set; Mr. and Mrs. Gillchreest, set of desert spoons; Mr. and Mrs. M. Campion, fish knife; Mr. and Mrs. E. McCann, set of spoons; Mr. and Mrs. Ald. Wm. O'Brien, sugar bowl, spoon holder and spoons; Mr. and Mrs. C. Ryan, sugar bowl, spoon holder and spoons; Mr. and Mrs J. Raney, butter dish; Misses M and C. McMahon, gold lined salt cellars; Miss Rose Donnelly, gold-lined oxidized spoon; May Griffin, napkin ring; Mr. and Mrs. T. Shannon, syrup pitcher and tray; Mr. and Mrs. J. Sheehan, sugar bowl; Mr. and Mrs. M. McGraw, nut cracker and pickers; Mrs. and Misses Burke, card receiver; Mr. P. H. Hogan, card receiver; Mr. and Mrs. J. Ryan, sugar tongs; Miss J. Ryan, Elgin, gold lined shell spoon; Miss Lena Becklinger, Elgin, butter knife and shell spoon; Mrs. E. Quinlan, set of teaspoons; Miss Jessie L. Ryan, pie knife; Miss Mary E. Gregory, shell spoon; Miss Julia A. Gregory, plaster cast of Mother of Sorrows; Miss Kitty Hickey, mirror; Mr. and Mrs. Geddes, Elgin, berry dish; Miss Kate A. Heffernan, card receiver; Mrs. Fortune, pepper, salt and toothpick holders; Miss Rose Nolan, set of knives and forks; Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Neill, set of knives and forks; Miss Nellie Frahar, fan; Mrs. Julia Burke, napkin rings; Mr. and Mrs. T. Kennedy, card basket; Misses Nellie and M. Flynn, butter dish; the young Lambs (nine in number), a breakfast service.

Prof. Cavanaugh gave the young folks plenty of music and Miss Josephine Ryan, of Elgin, recited a poem appropriate to the occasion, her own composition, entitled "Lamb and His Lambkins."

Keep Off the Enemy.

A foe who lurks in ambush is a more dangerous antagonist than one who attacks us in the open field, and for whose assaults we are, in a measure, prepared. That dangerous enemy to health, malaria, must be encountered fully armed. Its thrusts are sudden, unexpected and deadly, and can only be guarded against with certainty by fortifying the system by a course of defensive medication. The surest defense against chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also an eradicator of the most obstinate forms of malaria which resist the action of ordinary specifics, and the virus of which remains in the system even when the more violent symptoms are subdued. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia and kidney troubles are always relieved by this genial remedy.

For pity's sake, don't growl and grumble because you are troubled with indigestion. No good was ever effected by snarling and fretting. Be a man (unless you happen to be a woman), and take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which will relieve you, whether man or woman.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER II.

Now lower, now louder, now longer it mourns,
Now faintly it falls, and now fitful returns;
ow near, and now nearer, it swells on the ear—
he wild u ulu, the death-song is near?

"With slow steps, sad burden, and wild uttered wail,
Maid, matron, and cottier wind up from the vale;
And loud lamentations salute the gray hill,
Where their fathers are sleeping, the silent and still!"

A very great favorite with the inmates of Dromahaire Castle, as will as with the simple-mannered Irish folk living in the neighborhood of the old Brefniian stronghold, was Edmund O'Tracy. Gay, light hearted, and good natured, of graceful and manly bearing, strong and agile, and almost as fleet of foot as a wild buck in the woods of Glenfarne, he was a universal favorite; and the lord of the castle, his foster-father, looked on him with particular esteem and affection.

The following were the circumstances by which Owen O'Rourke, the proprietor of Dromahaire and the representative of the old rulers of Breffny, came to be the protector of young O'Tracy. Edmund's father, a member of an Ulster sept that shared the northern bank of Upper Lough Erne with the O'Cassidy's, had fought on many a battlefield from the Yellow Ford to Kinsale, and could boast of many a scar received in combat with the soldiers of the virgin queen. When the craft of Carew and Mountjoy had terminated the war, he returned to his native place, married a blooming Ulster girl, far younger than himself, and somehow or other managed, despite the "Plantation," to retain a portion of the estates of his ancestors. However, at the end of twenty-six years, during which time his wife died, he was compelled to relinquish his patrimonial acres to the averice of the Scotch settlers Then, looking his last on the bright bosom of Lough Erne, he set out for Connacht—at all times an asylum for the friendless and distressed—taking with him his only child, a little boy of about 7 years. The journey proved too much for the old man's worn out constitution. On entering the hospitable portal of Dromahaire, on his way to Sligo, he was stricken with paralysis, and death drew rapidly near. Owen O'Rourke pitied the condition of the desolate old warrior, and tended his deathbed with the utmost solicitude, promising faithfully to carry out his last wishes.

"Chieftain," said the dying man, after receiving the last rites of the church, as his host sat by his bedside holding his hand in his, "our family has been a family of soldiers. My grandfather's blood was spilt at Belahoe when the Ulster gallowglasses were put to flight by Gray; my father fell at Armagh when Shane O'Neill routed the Sassanach. Perhaps I am the first of my race to die in bed. I have determined that my son shall be a soldier, for, alas! I have nothing to leave him but the courage and valor of his forefathers. While he wields the sword of a soldier he need be dependent on the bounty of no man. But that sword must not be wielded in the cause of our enemies. You hear me, Edmund," he said, with a flash of the dying fire, to the weeping boy, who knelt with his face buried in the bedclothes, "when you grow to be a soldier—if, please heaven, you will—you will join the army of Spain; and if it ever come to your turn to strike a blow at the power that has overthrown our altars and darkened our hearths, do your duty like an O'Tracy, and strike it with a will."

The gallant Ultonian was buried in the Abbey of Creevelea, and Owen O'Rourke took the orphan boy under his protection treating him with all the kindness of a father; while his brother Con took pleasure in giving the warrior in embryo sundry lessons in the martial art, so that under his tuition the young Edmund soon attained proficiency in going through the pike exercise as used by the Irish clansmen half a century before, and in doing the manual exercise of the period with an old Elizabethan arquebuse, which accomplishments called forth the applause of his perceptor. The latter also gave him lessons in the art of fencing, so that in course of time he could use both the falchion and rapier pretty well.

The whole countryside knew the destiny in store for young O'Tracy—a destiny common enough to the youth of Ireland at the time, batches of stalwart young Hibernians departing annually to take service under the banner of some Continental power, notably Spain—many of them, poor fellows! doomed never to see the land of their birth again. So as Edmund O'Tracy developed into a fine handsome youth, sinewy, broad-chested, and upright, and the inevitable day that was to sunder him from Ireland came quickly on, not only the brothers O'Rourke but the Brefniians in general began to feel a greater sympathy for the future soldier. Some, indeed, there were who indulged in gloomy forebodings as to his fate, and remarked it was a pity such a promising youth should go to leave his bones on a Flemish battlefield; but their doubts and mournings had but little effect on our hero, and were far from damping his eagerness for his intended avocation. Month after month brought tidings of Irish valor and enterprise displayed on the Continent—the gallant action of Preston and his band of soldier students before the walls of Louvain, the heroic defense of Arras by Owen Roe O'Neill and his Irishmen, which had aroused the interest and admiration of Europe—and the result was that he ardently longed for the commencement of the martial life which awaited him.

But, truth to tell, his meeting with the fair maiden of Lough Gill, as narrated in the preceding chapter, did not tend to increase his desire to quit the Irish shore, though it rathere heightened his aspirations after martial glory, giving them at length a cherished direction and end. On the poor sword of a soldier of fortune he began already to build magnificent chateaux en Espagne, and passionately he longed to make those airy edifices substantial fabrics for the sake of lovely Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin, as she was called—the feminine prefix Ny or Nic having a similar use to the masculine Mac or O in Irish surnames.

His love-dream, however, was speedily marred.

"I dare not try to win her," he sighed one day in bitter communing with himself;—"it would be base, wanton, audacious! Fate casts my lot in a far off country. A voice from the grave commands me to be a soldier in Spain rather than a helot in Ireland. Alas! that the sweet Wild Rose must bloom for another! Well, I shall see her tonight for the last time."

That evening he found the home of the O'Cuirnin's filled with the gloom of death Several neighbors were grouped round the bed on which lay the corpse of Kathleen's grandsire. Young Niall O'Cuirnin stood grave and downcast, his hand on the shoulder of his weeping sister.

"Poor Old Manus!" sobbed a woman;—"his end was peaceful as the close of an autumn evening."

The funeral took place on the following day—an eventful day it proved for O'Tracy.

A large concourse of people assembled to pay their last respects to the remains of the venerable seanachie, and the funeral train that proceeded slowly and solemnly along the shore of Lough Gill was a long and imposing one. O'Rourkes, MacTiernans, MacMurrays, MacClancys, O'Duigenans, and other-named natives of the district were there in plenty. The coffin was drawn on a small cart with solid wooden wheels, and after it walked the female caoiners, their hair streaming in disorder, and their skinny arms upraised as they poured forth their wild ululu.

"Hospitable was your hearth, alanna," they cried, "kind and noble your heart, sweet your song! The hearth is quenched, the heart is cold, the song is hushed! Wirrastrue, wirrasthrue! Oh, may his kind, noble, charitable soul rest this night in heaven!"

At length the gray walls of Creevelea Abbey appeared in sight, the sacred edifice that the piety of the chieftain Owen O'Rourke and his wife Margaret had erected in the beginning of the previous century to the honor of God and St. Francis. On nearing the abbey the procession was headed by some of the friars bearing aloft a crucifix, and so it moved on until it reached the chief entrance to the sacred enclosure, where a halt was made for payment of the customary toll.

Of this toll and its exactors something requires to be told.

The Harrisons, father and son, were well known in Breffny-O'Rourke. Old Harrison—a cornet, or such, in Lambert's army at the conclusion of O'Neill's war—had got in return for his services a large grant of land in Leitrim, including the Abbey of Creevelea and its possessions. On this land he had built a strong castle and bawn, settling down from a blustering devil-may-care trooper into a plodding, phlegmatic, and industrious lord of the soil, his whole mind and energies bent on drawing as large a profit as possible from the broad acres given him by the government. His hankering after the mammon of unrighteousness proved superior to his hatred of "the Scarlet Female that sitteth on the Seven Hills," insomuch that he allowed five or six poor Franciscan friars, on payment of an annual exorbitant rent, to thatch a portion of their ancient church of Creevela monastery for the celebration of mass, and to reside in wretched huts in the vicinity. Actuated by the same spirit of gain, he erected a gate at the entrance of the same venerable ruin, and imposed a toll on every corpse brought thither for burial, so that some not inaptly compared him to the fare-exacting boatman of the Styx. However, the lank and grizzled campaigner makes no figure in this narrative; death prevented him from witnessing the troublous times of which it treats, and no more need be said of him, as it is his son Gilbert that claims our attention.

The younger Harrison was a man in the prime of life, of low stature and sturdy build, which made him a most formidable antagonist in a scuffle His appearance was not prepossessing. His small bullet head, on which the black, stubby hair was clipped close, after the manner of the Puritans or Roundheads, was set on a coarse bull neck; his lips and his great massive jaws were smoothly shaven, the only hair on his countenance being a tuft on the chin; and his sharp eyes glanced with an almost fixed expression of cruelty.

He was a man of violent passions, which he cared but little to bridle; openly expressed his hatred of everyone and everything Irish; and played the petty tyrant to his heart's content whenever the opportunity offered, so that he was the terror of the humbler classes wherever he went. Latterly, to the good luck of the poor people of the neighborhood of his Leitrim residence, he was rarely at home, being employed as a confidential messenger between the leading English and Scotch settlers and garrison commanders of Connacht and Southern Ulster—in this manner aiding the mean and contemptible system of espionage kept upon every action, private and public, of the chiefs of the subjugated Milesian race. And such was Gilbert Harrison.

The toll being paid to the gatekeeper, the rusty hinges creaked as the gate swung open, and the funeral train began to defile into the solemn precincts of Creevelea. A number of persons, some of them Protestant settlers of the neighborhood who had come to attend the interment, stood within the gate, and as the remains were borne in all uncovered their heads—all with the exception of one group that stood a little apart from the rest.

Foremost of this group stood a man with folded arms and an insolent and scornful expression on his face, which was much inflamed, as that of one after a deep carouse. All recognized Gilbert Harrison, and many involuntarily shrunk aside as they met the glare of his baleful eye. At length, as the graceful form of Kathleen Ny-Cuirin glided past, Harrison suddenly seized her round the waist.

"A dainty wench, I'll be bound," he exclaimed, and throwing back the hood which concealed the poor girl's tear-stained features, he pressed his gross, sensual lips to hers ere she could offer the slightest resistance.

For a moment the crowd stood paralyzed at the audacity of the outrage. Niall O'Cuirnin plucked his skian from its sheath and sprang forward like a tiger to avenge his sister's insult, but he was forestalled by Edmund O'Tracy who with a tremendous blow on the face, the sound of which rang through the ruined building like a pistol shot, knocked the insulter prostrate among the rank grass and nettles.

In an instant all was confusion. Harrison speedily gained his feet, with a hideous gash in his forehead received from a jagged stone in his fall, drew his sword, and made a deadly lunge at O'Tracy. The thrust would have proved fatal had not the latter parried it with the skian, which was then generally carried by the native Irish as a weapon of defense. At the sound of the clashing steel Kathleen swooned, and lay white and rigid in the arms of some of the women; and immediately the crowd surged in between the two combatants, forcing them asunder. Some of Harrison's friends seized him, and tried to force him away, while others drew their swords, forming a circle round him, and looked menacingly on the multitude.

"Struck by the low-born cub!" shouted the author of the disturbance, waving his sword aloft in the air; "struck by a base Irish papist! But"—with a volley of frightful oaths—"his blood shall pay for it! Release me! Let me at the scoundrel!"

Surprised at the sudden tumult within the abbey, Con O'Rourke, the brother of the lord of Dromahaire, leaped from his horse and ran into the ruin. His arrival was most opportune.

The superior of the friars of Creevelea an old, feeble man, amazed and mortified at such an unseemly disturbance in the sacred place, hastily approached the scene of uproar. The crowd respectfully made way for him, and, raising the crucifix he carried, he entreated all who were there not to desecrate the place of Christian sepulture by further brawl or scandal.

"Oh! my children, forbear, in the name of heaven," he exclaimed; "and you, Mr. Harrison, I implore you to let the burial proceed without further disquiet."

At this moment, by a supreme effort, Harrison flung off the grasp of those who had held him and rushed forward sword in hand, the people recoiling to the right and left out of his path—all save the old friar, who stood boldly in his way, calm and immovable.

"Out of the way, dolt," he cried, addressing the latter;—"hence with your Romish mummery;—leave my path, do you hear, or I'll run you through."

"Thou shalt do no murder," said the venerable religious, quietly and firmly, and that instant he was shoved aside by Harrison, who advanced only to find Con O'Rourke's sword glittering within a few inches of his throat.

"Another step, you cowardly ruffian," cried Con, "and we shall see who is the better swordsman—ay, though I am loath to mingle your impure blood with the holy clay beneath our feet. Listen, Harrison; the O'Rourke whose bones lie in the tomb yonder built these walls long before the evil races of your breed were seen in the country to frighten honest folk. Is it not enough that the people must pay you for the few feet of ground wherein to lay the bones of their kith and kin but that you must dare to outrage their feelings by your villainy?"

For a moment the two men stood confronting each other with looks of mutual hatred, their weapons pointed at each other's breasts. Harrison's friends, eager to save him from danger, drew up in line with him, their weapons bared, while loud murmurs of defiance began to arise from the funeral party. A word, a look, from Con O'Rourke would have precipitated a scene of dire bloodshed.

Harrison was a ghastly object. His face was livid with disappointed fury, his eyes ablaze with wrath, while the blood ran down his face from the wound in his temple, reddening his large white band or collar, and trickling down the front of his dark tunic.

"O'Rourke," he said, in a husky voice, "this is not the first time you have thwarted me. You may triumph now, with your swarm of beggars at your back, but the day will come when you shall pay for all, when the law lays its hand on you, *traitor*"—he hissed forth the word with significant vehemence. "But set before me that spawn of the Evil One that struck me, that I may have satisfaction."

"Begone, sir," was the reply; "if I mistake not, you richly deserved the punishment you've got. But, if you wish, Edmund O'Tracy will not fail to give you every satisfaction at a proper time."

"O'Tracy," ejaculated Harrison, as if eager to imprint the name well on his memory—"O'Tracy—so that's his name. Well, listen, O'Tracy," he shouted, "the day will come, my fine fellow, when you shall repent in tears of blood what you have done today. You didn't know the sort of man you struck, perhaps;—well, no matter, you'll know him in time; ay"—with another outburst of swearing—"you'll know him in time."

Turning on his heel he quitted the abbey, leaving the interment of the seanachie to be proceeded with without further disquiet, and leaving everyone attending the funeral in the sure belief that Edmund O'Tracy had at length met a bitter and implacable enemy.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR IRANAMHAIN].

"A Ghoillis na gcos dubh, nach deas an buachaill thu!" ar se, "nach dtig leat fanamhaint go dti an deich a' chluig, no go dti an dó-dheug, acht go gcaithfidh tu bheith teacht chugam ag an uair seo ag iarraidh pósta, thu féin a's do ghirrseach. Budh chóir dhuit fios a bheith agad go bhfuil me briste, agus nach dtig liom do phósadh, air mbódh air bith nach dtig liom do phósadh go dlisteanach—acht ububú! ' ar se, go h-obann mar dheare se air an óg-mhnaoi arís, ' fa-siom Dé cia tá agad annso? cá bhfuair tu í, no cia h-í?"

"A athair," ar Goillis, "tig leat me féin no duine air bith pósadh feasta, má's mian leat é, acht ní ag iarraidh pósta thainig me chugad, acht le tabhairt an phàipéir seo dhuit, agus le h-iarraidh ort, má's é do thoil é, loistin ann do theach do thabhairt de'n ógmhaoi uasail seo," agus leis sin tharraing se bulla an Phápa amach, agus thug se do'n t-sagart le léigheadh é.

Ghlac an sagart é agus léigh se é, agus bhreathnuigh se go geur air an sgríbhinn agus air an seula agus ní raibh aon amhras aige nach raibh se 'nna bhulla ceart ó láimh an Phápa. 'Cá bhfuair tu so?" ar se le Goillis, agus bhí an lámh ann ar chongbhuigh se an páipeur sg crathadh le h-iorghantus agus le luthghàire.

"O maiseadh," ar Goillis, go h-aorach go leor, "fuair me ar éir é annsa Edimh; d'fhan me air feadh cúpla uair annsa' g-cathair sin nuair bí me air mo bhealach chum an óig-bhean seo (inchean Righ na Fraince) do thabhairt air ais liom."

Dheare an sagart air ambuil agus mar bhéidheadh deich g-cloicionn air, acht gan aon cheist eile do chur air, dubhairt se leis teacht asteach chuige, é féin agus an ainnir, agus nuair thàinig siad astech dhruid se an doras agus thug se asteach 'sa' bpárlás iad, agus chur 'nna suidhe iad.

"'Nois a Ghoillis," ar se, "innis dam go fírinneach cá bhfuair tu an bulla so, agus cia h-í an óig-bhean so, agus má tá tu féin as do ét é li dáiriribh, ná má's ag deunamh magaidh fúm atá tu?"

"Ní me 'g innsint bréige, ná ag deunamh magaidh," ar Goillis, acht is ó'n bh-Pápa féin fuair me an páipeur, agus budh as páiás Righ na Fraince d'fhuadaigh me an bhean-uasal so, agus is inghean do Righ na Fraince í."

Thosaigh sé air a sgeul ann sin, agus d'innis sé an t-iomlán do'n t-sagart, agus bhí an oiread sin d'iongantas air an t-sagart maith nár fheud sé é féin chongbháil ó ghlaodhach amach air uairibh ná ó bhualadh a dhá láimh le chéile. Nuair dubhairt Goillis gur shaoil sé ó'n méad a chonnaire sé nach raibh an óig-bhean ásta leis an bpósadh do bhí dul air aghaidh annsa' bpálás sul do bhris sé féin agus na sidheoga suas é, thàinig lasadh dearg i ngruaidh an chailín, agus bhí sé nios ciúnte ná riamh go mbudh fearr leithe bheith mar bhí sí, 'na 'nna mnaoi-pósta do fhear budh gráin leithe. Nuair dubhairt Goillis go mbéidheadh sé an-bhuidheach de'n t-sagart dá gcoimhéadfadh sé ann a theach féin í, dubhairt an fear cineálta go ndeanfadh sé sin chomh fada agus budh mhaith leis, acht nach raibh fhios aige creud do budh cóir dóibh dheunamh leithe mar nach raibh aon talighe aca a cur air ais d'a h-athair arís.

D'fhreagair Goillis go raibh imnidhe air féin faoi an nídh ceudna, agus nach bhfaca sé aon rud le deunamh acht a congbháil go socair, no go bhfuigheadh siad faill agus éadáil rud éigin nios fearr do dheunamh. Rinne siad suas é eatorra féin ann sin, go léigfeadh an sagart air gur b'inghean a dhearbhráthar féin do bhí aige, do thàinig air cuairt as condae eile, agus go n-inneosadh sé do uile dhuine go raibh sí balbh, agus go ndeunfadh se a dhìthchioll uile dhuine do chongbháil uaithi. D'innis siad do'n óg-mhnaoi creud do chuir siad rómpa a dheunamh, agus thaisbéan sí le na súilibh go raibh sí buidheach diobh.

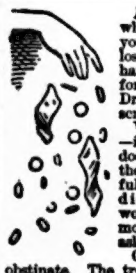
Chuaidh Goillis a bhaile ann sin, agus nuair chuir a mhuintir féin ceist air cá raibh sé dubhairt seisean gur thuit sé 'nna chodladh ag bonn na cloidhe agus gur chaith se ann oidhche ann sin.

Budh mhór an t-iongnadh bhí air na cómharsannaibh nuair thaisbéan an sagart cóir bulla an Phápa dhóibh, agus nuair fuair sé a sheanáit air ais arís, agus bhí luthghàire air uile dhuine, mar go dheimhin ní raibh locht air bith annsan duine macánta sin, acht amháin go raibh iomarcuidh dúil aige nois agus arís i mbraon de'n bhuideul, acht nior fheud duine air bith ràdh go bhfaca sé riamh é i riocht nach dtuefadh leis "Seol bheirm do shiúinte" a ràdh chomh maith le fear air bith 'sa' rioghacht. Acht má bhí iongantas orra an sagart d'eiseint arís ann a sheanáit, budh mhó go mór a n-iongantas faoi an g-cailín do thàinig go h-obann chum a thighe gan fhios ag aon duine eár b'as di, no cad é an gnó do bhí aici ann sin. Bhí cuid de na daoinibh ann, a dubhairt nach raibh uile nídh mar budh chóir, agus cuid eile "nar bhféidir é go dtug an Pápa a áit arís do' t-sagart 'r dís a bhaint de roimhe sin mar gheall air an g-clamhsán do bhí aca air, i dtaobh na mbeiseg."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Baldness is often preceded or accompanied by grayness of the hair. To prevent both baldness and grayness, use Hall's Hair Renewer, an honest remedy

Miss Margaret Dwyer, who disembarked at Queenstown recently from the Cunard liner Servia, from New York, was fined £72 6s by the customs authorities for having in her possession eight pounds of foreign manufactured tobacco, which was forfeited. Miss Dwyer came from Colorado, U.S.A., where she had been for the last fourteen months, and was on her way to Limerick. The tobacco was merely intended as a present for some friends.



It's money thrown away when a medicine doesn't help you. It's your risk and your loss. But that's the way you have to buy every medicine for woman's ailments, except Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

With that, there's no risk—it's *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in all the chronic weaknesses, painful disorders and functional disturbances that afflict womankind, you have your money back. But you won't ask it—you'll be cured.

Give it time, if your case is obstinate. The troubles that come slowly, have to go slowly. The surest and speediest remedy is the "Favorite Prescription." It builds up and invigorates the system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength.

For everything that's known as a "female complaint," it's a positive specific.

If you're an overworked or suffering woman, it's a medicine that's made especially to help you—but you pay only for the help that you *get*.

On these terms it's the cheapest sold.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by 'The Citizen." Guaranteed by 'The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12 00 This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 50.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35

Offer No 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18 50

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face. $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscribers delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.35. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.35.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years The works in all watches we sell are good for from 20 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

PINKERTON'S AGENCY.

The Senate Investigating Committee at New York.

IMPORTANT WITNESSES TESTIFY.

Mr. Robert A. Pinkerton Says That 306 Men of Good Character Were Sent to Homestead and That the Agency Is Out $15,000 Owing to the Way Things Turned Out — Testimony of Captain Hinde, Who Was Wounded.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The committee of the United States senate appointed to investigate the workings of the Pinkerton Detective agency, with special reference to the Homestead troubles, met in this city Saturday morning. Robert A. Pinkerton and Captain Hinde were on hand to give testimony. Mr. Pinkerton was called first. He said they sent 306 men to Homestead last July, and that those sent from New York were all American citizens and of good character, and thought those sent from Chicago were also. Negotiations for the use of his men, he said, began June 15, and the arrangement was to send men as watchmen to guard the works. He had insisted, the witness said, that his men should be sworn in as deputy sheriffs and that agreement was made. Counsel had advised him that they had a right to have their men sworn in as peace officers, whether they were citizens of the state or not.

Lost $15,000 on the Job.

Mr. Pinkerton said that Captain Hinde, who had charge of his men at Homestead, told him that the Pinkertons were fired on before the barges in which they were, reached the works, and afterwards when the steamer's gangplank was run out to the bank. It was during the latter volley that the captain was shot and not until then was a shot fired from the barges. Witness did not know who gave the order to fire, and thought that no order was given. In answer to a question Mr. Pinkerton said that he thought that labor organizations were good in many respects, and a benefit to the workingman. They had a right to strike, he thought, but no right to prevent men from taking their places. When asked what profit the Pinkerton agency made on sending the men to Homestead he replied: "We are out $15,000." He explained that his loss was caused by the seizure of the 225 rifles and other property and the care of the men hurt in the battle. Chairman Gallinger suggested that Mr. Carnegie would recompense the agency, but Mr. Pinkerton thought that doubtful.

Blames the Strikers.

The witness admitted that it was some times customary for the Pinkerton men to pass themselves as working men and mingle with the strikers. Mr. Pinkerton said that he firmly believed that his men were needed on many occasions because of the insufficiency of local protection. He thought that the supineness of the local authorities in strike times was largely due to political consideration.

"Do you think that the violence committed at Homestead was due to the strikers or to the rabble that was attracted there," was asked.

"I think it was committed by the strikers, their leaders, and the advisory committee itself."

Mr. Pinkerton took occasion to deny that Charles Waupenstein, a Pinkerton superintendent, was an ex-convict, as charged by Mr. Bruce in evidence given at Chicago. He was at one time chief of police at Cincinnati.

Denies Powderly's Statements.

Mr. Pinkerton denied specifically statements made by Mr. Powderly, in evidence, that Pinkerton men had been guilty of various acts of violence. During twenty-six years and seventy strikes only two persons had been killed by Pinkerton men, and that in self-defense. Senator Peffer then took a turn at examining Mr. Pinkerton. He asked witness all about his agency from the time of its foundation. Mr. Pinkerton said that the agency was started by his father in 1850 in Chicago, and then Mr. Peffer wanted to know if Pinkerton senior was naturalized in that year. Witness thought he was. The next queston was how many men the Pinkertons employed, and the answer was 500 including clerks.

"Do you consider, Mr. Pinkerton, that your men are necessary to the good government of the United States and the maintenance of law and order?" the senator asked.

"No, I don't say for a moment that they are absolutely necessary, but I say they are useful in cases of emergency."

Captain Hinde Testifies.

Captain Hinde was the next witness. He said he was first consulted about the Homestead affair on July 1 and got instructions to go there and take command of the force of men. He then gave a graphic description of the approach of the barges to the Homestead mills, and the terrible battle with the strikers. Mr. Pinkerton was recalled after Captain Hinde finished. Senator Peffer wanted to know if Pinkerton men were employed by political committees during elections. Mr. Pinkerton said they were, but by no one party. They were employed by both parties to preserve order and to gain information about suspected frauds. The hearing was then pronounced concluded. The next session of the committee will be held probably in Washington.

Ground to Pieces by a Train.

LANCASTER, Pa., Nov. 28.—Saturday morning a two-horse market wagon, containing Samuel McComsey, his wife, son and grandson, of Drumore township, was struck by an engine on the Quarryville railroad at a grade crossing near Ponton. Mrs. McComsey was thrown on the track and ground to pieces beneath the train. Her husband and son were hurled a consideralble distance and seriously though not fatally injured. The grandson was caught on the cow-catcher and carried a distance of fifty yards. When the train stopped he was taken off uninjured.

Will Continue the Strike.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 28.—The Lawrenceville strikers at Carnegie Union mills held a general meeting Saturday lasting from 10 until 2 o'clock. The question of declaring the strike off was hotly discussed. A vote was then taken and resulted 129 to 43 in favor of continuing the strike. The leaders argued that as none of the strikers could get the old positions in the mills, nothing would be gained by a surrender.

Bombarding the Sky.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 28.—Rainmaker Dyrenfurth bombarded the sky with dynamite balloons and the earth with batteries all Friday and Friday night, but up to this writing there is not a sign of rain, although natural indications are good.

SPEAKER CRISP INTERVIEWED.

Tariff To Be Reduced Because That's What They Are There For.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Speaker Crisp was seen at the Fifth Avenue hotel Monday morning by a United Press reporter and was asked: "Will an extra session of congress be called, in your opinion?"

"That question will not be determined for several months. It is too early to decide. When congress has convened and the members have gathered, they will consult their constituencies on the subject."

The speaker does not know what Cleveland thinks on the subject. When asked whether the present tariff would be reduced, he said: "That is what the Democrats were elected to do and you may be sure it will be done. There is no disagreement on the tariff question, for the people have spoken. If the senate is Democratic the present high tariff will be repealed."

Thinks the Reserve Has Been Used.

"What about the plan suggested by Senator Jones of Arkansas to use the $100,000,000 gold reserve fund in the treasury?"

"I think that when the secretary of the treasury makes his report it will be found that the $100,000,000 gold reserve has already had a raid made upon it. How deep the raid has been I do not know. The senator suggests that we use $50,000,000 and leave that amount for a reserve. Well, if the first $50,000,000 has been partially used, the senator will have to make another suggestion."

FORGED RECOMMENDATIONS.

An Assistant School Principal Fired in Disgrace.

FORT DODGE, Ia., Nov. 29.—A sensation was caused here Monday when Principal Schnell announced to the pupils of the high school that Assistant Principal Irving D. Martin had been dismissed in disgrace from the service of the school. The reasons given were: First, his glaring incompetency; and, secondly, the fact that he was given the position on the strength of letters of recommendation that proved to have been forged.

Confessed and Resigned.

When Martin filed his application he backed it with exceptionally strong recommendations from some of the most prominent Iowa school boards. His application was accepted over many others simply on account of these documents, without investigating their genuineness. When his incompetency began to be noticed letters to the parties referred to brought prompt responses that their names had been forged. When confronted with proofs of his guilt, Martin confessed and tendered his resignation.

Negro Murderer Lynched.

HIAWATHA, Kan., Nov. 29.—During a quarrel in church on Thanksgiving night "Commodore" True, a notorious negro character, stabbed and killed William Walthall. The murderer was placed in jail, and Tuesday night an armed mob of forty men surrounded the building. They battered down the doors and dragged True from his cell. He was quickly hustled to the outskirts of the town and in a moment was swinging from a branch of a tree. After watching his struggles for a few seconds, the mob fired a volley into his body and ended his life.

Comes of a Shady Breed.

MUSKOOGEE, I. T., Nov. 29.—Word comes that William Dalton, a brother of the notorious bandits, shot and killed Deputy Marshal Chapman in a quarrel Sunday. The shooting occurred about forty miles west of here. The trouble grew out of a dispute over a horse Emmett Dalton had bought, or claimed to have bought, from Chapman before the Coffeyville raid. William Dalton is not an outlaw and has always been considered a peaceable citizen.

Arrested for the Liberty Robbery.

LIBERTY, Mo., Nov. 29.—John Solan was arrested at Kansas City as he alighted from a train at the Union depot charged with being one of the robbers who went through the bank here. He is a bad character and is known to have been in Liberty last Thursday. His description tallies exactly with that of one of the men seeh here Saturday night.

Another Michigan Bank Closed.

DETROIT, Nov. 29.—A special to The News from Ithaca, says: Church, Bills & Co.'s bank failed to open its doors here Tuesday morning. The cashier, W. E. Scattergood, says that he can give no statement at present, only that the failure of O. P. Bills & Co. of Tecumseh has embarrassed this branch.

Potter Must Stand Trial.

BOSTON, Nov. 29.—Judge Putnam sustains nineteen counts against Asa P. Potter, ex-president of the Maverick bank, charging him with making false entries in the books. He quashes eleven counts charging him with false reports to the comptroller. Mr. Potter will be tried by jury on Jan. 24.

Hiccoughed Himself to Death.

TIFFIN, O., Nov. 29.—John D. Daugherty, a potter, aged 20 years and unmarried, died here under strange circumstances. Seven days ago, while laughing heartily over the recent election Daugherty commenced hiccoughing, and hiccoughed incessantly until death resulted.

Nothing Like Having a Mission.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—It is stated on good authority that Colonel North, the nitrate king, will shortly retire from the turf and sell his stable of race horses. The colonel will in the future devote his attention to the breeding of greyhounds.

Failure at Kearney, Neb.

KEARNEY, Neb. Nov. 29.—The big dry goods store of E. P. Howell & Co. was closed Monday. The liabilities are said to be large, but the amount is not definitely known. The assets will probably not cover the liabilities.

Immigration Question in England.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—At a meeting held at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, it was resolved to protest against unrestricted immigration on the grounds that excessive foreign competition was driving native labor out of the market.

Think He Has Skipped to Chicago.

VIENNA, Nov. 29.—Carl Diefenbach, the celebrated Munich painter, has fled to escape his creditors. It is thought that he has started for Chicago, where he will exhibit several pictures during the fair.

Couldn't See the President.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—Ex-Senator Warner Miller, of New York, and Archbishop Ireland called at the White House Monday, but the president was too busy writing his message to receive them.

PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

A Number of People Cremated in Burning Buildings.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—Two people were burned to death and two people were injured in a fire that destroyed the frame residence of W. L. Dessey, at 36 Edgewood avenue, in the town of Jefferson, about 8:30 Monday morning. Following is the list of victims: Alice Dessey, 3 years old; Clifford Dessey, 6 years old. The injured: Mrs. W. L. Dessey, severely burned about the neck and face; James Heaney, owner of the house, wrist badly cut by glass. The children were sleeping in the attic of the Dessey house, which was a frame cottage a story and a half high. They were burned to death before aid could reach them, though the agonized mother made an ineffectual attempt to save them.

Five Persons Burned to Death.

MIDDLETON, Conn., Nov. 28.—Three men and two women were burned to death here in a tobacco barn owned by John Hubbard on the old fair grounds. The victims were a party of umbrella menders seen near there before the fire. It is supposed they were drunk and set fire to a small amount of hay.

Perished in the Flames.

MILAN, Tenn., Nov. 28.—The residence of Samuel Yates near this city was destroyed by fire early Monday morning. Yates perished in the flames. He was a miser and was reputed to have a large sum of money concealed in the house. The origin of the fire is unknown.

THE FLOODS IN WASHINTON.

Stories of Starvation and Suffering Among the Miners.

SEATTLE, Nov. 25.—News from the flood in the distant Skywamsish shows the damage to be enormous and that the next freshet may cause the river to take a new course, thereby destroying the business part of the town of Sultan. A famine is likely to occur among the railroad camps, both among the men and horses, unless some means is devised of getting supplies from east of the mountains. A tree fell across the camp of James Park, near Stevens City, killing three men and seriously injuring Ed O'Briend and two others. The names of the others have not yet been reported. No mails have gotten into Sultan since Nov. 18.

Terrible Suffering.

A startling story of starvation among the miners in the mountains east of Snohomish reached here Thursday by E. T. Reit and Fritz Ellingstone, who had been for fifty hours without food. The freshets hemmed miners in and on account of their exhausted condition they were unable to get the transport and obtain a new supply of food. Keit and Ellinstone are the only men out of fifty miners who started for Snohomish four days ago to get in. The others dropped along the route from sheer exhaustion and want of food and it is feared they are lost in the woods. The survivors had scarcely any clothing when they arrived, which, with their pinched and gaunt features, dumbly testified to the truth of their alarming tale.

Farmers' Mutual Benevolent Association.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., Nov. 25.—Resolutions were adopted at the closing session of the national assembly of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit association Thursday reaffirming confidence in the great up-building of the order, reiterating former demands for free silver coinage, demanding an increased circulating medium. Recommending postal savings banks instead of the present method of perpetuating national banks, asking for laws prohibiting dealings in futures of agricultural and mechanical productions and the adulteration of foods and medicines. Demanding an equitable graduated tax on incomes, and favoring the election of United States senators by the people direct.

Non-Union Men Deserting Homestead.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., Nov. 28.—It is known to a certainty that quite a large number of non-union men left the mills Saturday last after receiving their pay, but the number can not be given. Since 6 o'clock Monday morning the pay window at the mill office has been besieged by new men who were getting ready to leave for other parts. One train took over thirty of the non-unionists who were leaving the mill for good. Applications for work by strikers were quite numerous and many were successful in securing their old positions.

Fatal Wreck on the Rail.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 28.—At 3 o'clock Friday morning a disastrous wreck occurred on the Indianapolis division of the Panhandle at Harvey station, between Cambridge City and Richmond. The list of killed and injured is as follows: W. E. Beerman, Indianapolis, fireman, instantly killed; H. H. Meyer, Indianapolis, engineer, both legs crushed, injuries thought to be fatal; Harry Hendricks, Indianapolis, head brakeman, severely and probably fatally scalded.

Explosion on a Lake Steamer.

DULUTH, Nov. 28.—About twenty minutes past 8 o'clock Monday morning as the well-known steamer Hiram R. Dixon of Booth's North Shore line was lying at Sargent's dock at the foot of Sixth avenue, west, the main steam feed pipe burst with a terrific report, instantly killing two people and slightly injuring a number of others. The dead are Will Brooks, an 8-year-old boy and William McNulty, the fireman, both of this city. The damage to the boat is but slight.

Refused Negroes a Charter.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 28.—Commander-in-Chief Weissert of the Grand Army of the Republic received a letter from a colored Grand Army post in Texas, in which it was stated that a charter had been refused. Colonel Weissert wrote to the Texas state commander to issue the charter at once, and says that if the colored soldier is not recognized the offenders will be dismissed from the Grand Army without ceremony, even at the cost of the organization in the south.

In Favor of the Colored Man.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 28.—The state board of examiners Monday decided the contest in the Seventh district by declaring G. W. Murray, a colored Republican of Sumter, the successful candidate. Moise, a white Democrat, ran against him. There were many irregularities in this district, and the contest before the board was made by able lawyers.

By the Fire Escape Plan.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—An attempt was made Sunday afternoon to rob the fur establishment of Charles Stattman & Co., 217 and 219 State street. The thieves climbed the fire escape to the roof and were heard by a member of the firm who was in the store. He called out and the next moment three thieves clambered down the escape and got away.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Important Happenings Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

George Tressah, a telegraph lineman, was killed by the cars near Wheatland, Ia. An unknown colored woman was killed at about the same time and place.

Carl Smidt and August Hartman of Oshtemo, Mich., went hunting. Hartman fell down and discharged his gun, the shot striking Smidt in the shoulder, producing death.

The English cabinet has decided that for the future the attorney general and solicitor general shall relinquish their private practice.

Professor Virchow, the German pathologist, has been appointed an honorary member of the Imperial Russian Natural Philosophy society.

Leopold Smith, aged 75, while insane, shot himself in the head at Freeport, Ills.

Gus Peterson, while driving a colt near Capron, Ills., was thrown from the wagon and killed.

Daniel Carmichael, sentenced to Dannemera prison for forgery, has been pardoned by Governor Flower.

A syndicate of United States capitalists has secured control of all the bituminous coal trade in lower Canada.

A sword which General Sheridan is said to have used at Fort Yamhill, Or., is now in the possession of an Oregon Indian.

It is said the creditors of Irving A. Evans & Co. of Boston will receive only 20 cents on the dollar as a result of Judge Brooks' decision that the firm owes the Maverick bank $750,000.

Typhoid fever has assumed alarming proportions at St. Louis.

There are nearly 500 buffaloes in the Yellowstone National park.

Several prominent ladies in Somerset, England, have discarded the woman's saddle for the man's saddle.

Chairman Harrity announces that he will not accept any cabinet office if tendered. He would refuse for financial reasons, and is ready to wait until his fortune is big enough to allow him to go into politics.

William Dickey was sent to the Maine legislature in 1842, and they are sending him there yet. He was re-elected at the recent election, and is now 81 years old.

The German socialists report that they control seventy newspaper organs, of which twenty-two of them are political dailies.

A Kansas City farming implement house intends sending out a young woman as a drummer next year.

A Californian has produced for assay a piece of gold bearing rock which he claims is a part of a meteorite.

An ingenious Indianian has invented a plow in which an augur or screw mold board is operated by means of a drive-wheel in the rear.

A family in Reading, Eng., can prove by local records that they and their ancestors have paid rent for their home no less than 400 years.

* * *

Ralph Crossmeyer is held at Smithport, Pa., on suspicion of having murdered his mother at Farmers' Valley.

Lon Snow, a resident of Beloit, Wis., and about 45 years of age, died from lockjaw. He had stepped on a nail.

J. P. Fordholm, the insurance man who was charged with leaving Rockford, Ills., under a cloud, has returned and brought suit against his former partner, City Clerk Hogland.

Al Moffitt, a butcher, committed suicide at Oskaloosa, Ia.

Harry Burt was arrested at Galesburg, Ills., for stealing fifty pairs of shoes from his employer at Ransom.

Charleston, S. C., has a new insurance venture in the Germania Mutual Fire, capital $300,000.

To a man who, as he imagined, had saved his life in a railway accident, John Hauk, a wealthy Cincinnati brewer, gave $5,000. This was followed by several other similar gifts, until the family, finding his mind was giving way, had him placed under restraint.

M. Averof, a Greek resident of Alexandria, has presented the Queen of Greece on the occasion of her silver wedding with the sum of 200,000 drachmas for the erection of a reformatory for young criminals.

The French photographer, M. Marey, has succeed in photographing a dragon fly on the wing. The time of exposure was only 1-2500 of a second.

Gibson Clark, who has just been elected an associate justice of the supreme court of Wyoming, is a native of Milwood, W. Va., and an ex-Confederate veteran.

The Order of Amitie, a beneficial organization of Philadelphia, has made an assessment of the Iron Hall failure. It had seventy lodges, 3,000 members, and has existed four years.

Mark Twain has settled down for the with his family at Florence, Italy.

The Duke of Cambridge has forbidden the use of profanity by the officers of the British army when they are addressing private soldiers.

Ernest Kadow of Laporte, Ind., has disappeared.

Spain produced 540,000,000 gallons of wine last year.

* * *

Miss Lisette De Wolfe Colt, of New York, who had several chances to enter European peerages, has married Arthur Rotch, of Boston.

Dr. J. C. Hepburn and wife are in San Francisco after thirty-three years of missionary work in Japan. Mrs. Hepburn was the first white woman to enter that country.

Justice Field has been a member of the supreme court for almost thirty years. Only six justices—Marshall, Washington, Johnson, Story, Wayne and McLean—have served longer.

Emil Goech and Alfred Brown, murderers confined in the Michigan asylum for the criminal insane at Ionia, have escaped and are still at liberty.

The Salvation Army congress at New York closed with a great demonstration in Association hall, which was packed with Salvationists.

Workmen at a quarry on Leet's island, Conn., charged two blasts and touched the electric button. One failed to explode and they went up to see what was the matter. It then exploded, killing William Johnson and Aug. Littleton.

Emil A. Nelson was arrested at Jersey City in company with his stepdaughter, with whom he had eloped from Hull, England, leaving his wife behind.

A city vigilance league has been organized at New York to suppress vice, its leader being the famous Dr. Parkhurst.

Wis Sanders, Henry Davis, Rich Miller and a Mexican escaped from the jail at Lackhart, Tex, by means of a crowbar furnished by outside parties.

Mrs. Mary Murray was fatally burned at Holyoke, Mass., by the bursting of a kerosene lamp.

Patrick Finn, who recently embarked in business at Hudson, Wis., has been arrested upon the charge of bigamy.

At New York a building at 148 to 154 West Twenty third street, occupied by Otis Corbett, furniture dealer; burned. Loss, $185,000. The Gresham Opera house at Washington, Ia., also burned. Loss, $55,000.

The Swedish first chamber of the diet has passed a bill to reorganize the army.

* * *

Henry Cabot Lodge is practically assured of election this winter as Senator Dawes' successor. A canvass of the Republican members of the newly chosen Massachusetts legislature gives him 151 votes, while Mr. Crapo has only 14, and 29 remain in doubt.

The receipts of the elevated railway in New York for the three days of the Columbian celebration were estimated at about $150,000.

The English court of the queen's bench has decided that grocers may weigh paper with tea, coffee, sugar and such commodities without being guilty of fraud upon the purchaser.

Glass in oven doors is a new contrivance. It enables cooks to watch the food without opening the doors.

The increase in the world's production of cotton since 1840 has been 2,232,000,000 pounds, three-fourths of which was contributed by the United States.

The total annual product of our industries in 1890 equaled probably 1,000,000,000 gross, or 500,000,000 net tons, the value of the same being $20,000,000,000.

A woman in Ohio has a churn which has been in her possession for fifty-five years, and which has made over $10,000 worth of butter.

Canovas, the great Spanish leader, called upon the little king during his recent illness. In greeting him he asked, "How is Alfonsito?" (little Alfonse.) The child king, it is said, looked at the famous Republican a moment and then said: "To mamma I am Alfonsito; to thee I am the king."

Brazil has passed a law encouraging Chinese immigration.

The city council of Vienna recently suppressed a gmynastic society for adopting the colors of the German empire for its own and passing a resolution to admit no foreigner except Germans to membership.

The Methodist Episcopal church stands possessed of property valued at $96,000,000.

Edwin H. Rymal, a traveling salesman from Toledo, O., committed suicide at Kokomo, Ind.

The 2,700 tons of bullion now piled up in the treasury would, if coined into silver dollars and placed edge to edge, make a chain 10,800 miles long.

* * *

A teamster named Cobb was frozen to death near Carlton, Minn.

Bishop Foster of the Methodist church says he is one of only eleven in all the world who have preached the Gospel for fifty-five years consecutively and without rest.

About ten thousand young men and women attend the colleges and universities in Kansas.

Labor Day was celebrated at New Orleans by the screw men, over one thousand men being in line.

The Tam O'Shanter inn at Ayr, famous wherever the verse of Bobbie Burns is read, was sold at auction recently after brisk bidding for about $16,000.

City Marshal James H. Taylor of Hustonville, Ky., killed William Powers. Powers and Conrad Russell entered the town and insulted and threatened many persons when the marshal stopped them, and when they resisted arrest fatally shot Powers.

During the last few days four German recruits have committed suicide at Strasburg with the apparent intention of escaping the severity and cruelty of the drill sergeants.

A mob at Jasper, Tenn., attempted to take out and hang the three negroes who killed George Dawson, engineer at the furnace in that place. The sheriff assured them that the evidence was such that the men must hang and the mob dispersed.

Six brothers named Williams attempted to take possession of an Ohio River train near Huntington, W. V., and in the fight which followed all of them were badly beaten and one is reported killed. Two trainmen and several passengers were hurt.

At Galena, Ills., Lafayette Sherrill was convicted of rape and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at Joliet.

Carl Hale has been arrested at Columbus, O., as the leader of a gang of freight car thieves.

At Neihart, Mont., Charles Wooster shot and killed Martin O'Brien. It was a cold-blooded murder.

* * *

Official returns show that Allen and Lilly, Democratic and Republican candidates for congressmen at large from Pennsylvania, each received 15,548 votes in Montgomery county.

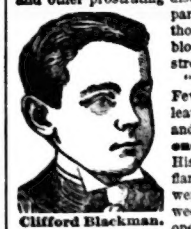
A Titusville, Pa., man whose wife recently presented him with triplets, a son and two daughters, promptly named them Grover, Francis, and Ruth.

Rev. Walter S. Rudolph, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church in Denver, has severed his church relations because he cannot consistently preach the doctrine of endless punishment.

A funeral on bicycles lately took place in an English town. The deceased was captain of a bicycle club.

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:



Clifford Blackman.

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for 7 weeks he could not even open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but their remedies did him no good. I began giving him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which soon cured him. I know it saved his sight, if not his very life." ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

An Interesting Phenomenon.

An amusing story is told in connection with Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian institution, who died some fourteen years ago. It is told by a gentleman who once traveled from Montreal to Boston with the professor. He says that while they were waiting for a steamer the professor was talkative and communicative in his quiet way, and was full of incidents of travel and adventure.

Soon the steamer appeared in sight, and while she was approaching us the professor sat upon the wharf, looking dreamily at her. Presently he aroused himself and said:

"I see a peculiar sparkle of the waves near the side of the steamer, where the sun shines upon her." (It was almost sunset.) "I wonder what the cause of it is? I have seen phosporescent light before, but never exactly like this. And see, there it is also upon the other, the darker side of the steamer. Well, certainly that is very curious!"

We all looked. Indeed it did seem remarkable. First upon the bright side of the steamer and then upon the dark side would appear these curious flashes of light and disappear almost instantly. They seemed to come at regular intervals, and it was a strange and beautiful sight.

Our reveries were presently disturbed by the approach of one of the customs inspectors. He glanced at us with some curiosity and then said, "Lookin at them flashes?"

"Yes," replied the professor, rousing himself from his absorbed meditation of the phenomenon; "I wonder what they are."

"Oh," said the inspector carelessly, "them's hot ashes they're throwin out of the ash pits."

The professor was nonplused for a moment. Then he recovered his senses and said quietly, "Well, well, live and learn—live and learn!" and lapsed into silence.—Youth's Companion.

A Serious Case.

Uncle Silas was a very honest and pious old colored man who preached on Sundays and had a great influence for good upon the others in the settlement. During one of his revival seasons, among a dozen or so at the mourners' bench was a black boy called Eph, about twenty years old and for a long time unregenerate. Uncle Silas was greatly rejoiced to see him come forward, and at once went to him. Eph was crying.

"Hain't no use in my comin up," he sobbed. "I'se sinned away de day ob grace."

"No, you ain't, brudder," protested Uncle Silas. "You am de kin what de Lawd wants to save. All you got to do is to gib up sin."

"I'se dun dun dat, Uncle Silas," sobbed Eph, "but dey ain't no salvation fer me."

"Yes, dey is, too, honey. Dey ain't no sin so black dat hit ain't washed white as snow."

"I done stole fou' chickens las' week," confessed the penitent.

"Dat's all fuggib, Eph'm."

"But dem two was you'n, Uncle Silas. Dem fat pullets you low'd so much sto' by, Uncle Silas."

"Wha' dat?" exclaimed Uncle Silas suddenly.

"Dem las' two wuz yo' pullets, Uncle Silas," sobbed Eph.

Uncle Silas became solemn and stern. "I reckon, Eph'm," he said slowly, "you' case needs advisement wid pra'r. I ain't sho dat we wanter be clutterin up de kingdom of hebben wid chicken thieves, an you better stay right on de mo'ners' bench till de meetin am done, and we kin dezamine you state ob sin for perticklers."—Detroit Free Press.

Queer Food.

The hedgehog figures frequently in sylvan repasts, though he is hardly big enough to be sent to table as a piece de resistance. The primitive manner of cooking it supersedes the most costly refinements of elaborate batteries de cuisine. The elephant's foot, or rather the slice below the pastern, which is a famous dainty in eastern hunting camps, is treated on precisely similar principles, which shows that the simplest cookery of all nations has much in common, like their folklore.

Shakespeare's British hedgepig, like its cousin, the porcupine, is shrouded in a plastic tenement of clay. Then he is laid to temporary rest in a bed of smoldering cinders. When supposed to be done to a turn, the dwarf pig is dug up, and then the prickly skin is detached with the splitting of the case of clay. All the generous juices, with their bouquet, have been confined and transfused. —London Saturday Review.

The Girl Has Achieved Much.

Mis Edith Emily Read has just beaten the record in Girton girls. She is now doing some responsible work on the labor commission, which comes as the climax of a singularly successful career. Here is a bare record of her achievements: Goldsmiths and Clothworkers' scholarship, from the North London Collegiate school to Girton (fifty pounds, each for three years), wrangler, 1891; first class moral science tripos (after only a year's study), 1892; Therese Montefiore memorial prize of fifty pounds 1892 for most distinguished student at Girton; prizes of twenty pounds each from Goldsmiths and Clothworkers' companies in recognition of her wranglership.

Miss Reed is, we believe, the only lady who ever took first class honors in two triposes. One of her principal tutors at the North London Collegiate school was Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D. Sc.—London Letter.

Effect of the Sun on Monuments.

The perpendicularity of a monument is visibly affected by the rays of the sun. On every sunny day a tall monument has a regular swing leading away from the sun. This phenomenon is due to the greater expansion of the side on which the rays of the sun fall. A pendulum placed inside say Nelson's column, in Trafalgar square, would be found to describe on every clear day an ellipse of nearly half an inch in diameter.—English Mechanic.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO DECEMBER 3 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Nioba."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—Zola's Modjeska in Repertoire.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Lillian Russell Opera Company.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Joseph Jefferson.

THE SCHILLER.
Randolph street, between Clark and Dearborn—Chas. Frohman's Comedians.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Yon Yonson."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union Robert Downing in Repertoire.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The White Slave."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

RIDICULOUS IRISH "RESISTANCE."

The reading of Irish exchanges does not encourage THE CITIZEN in the hope that Gladstone and Morley are doing very much better for the unfortunate Irish tenants at will, evicted and uneviected, than their Tory predecessors, Salisbury and Balfour. No English man, however "liberal," likes to disoblige the English garrison militant in Ireland. The Anglo-Irish landlords, the sheriffs and the bailiffs are the storming party of the foreign usurpers. The police and soldiery are the reserves upon which they rely in case of a repulse by their intended victims. If the present prime minister of England and his "Irish" secretary, had the common honesty, decency and courage to refuse to aid with police and soldiers the landlords in their felonious warfare on the Irish tenants, we believe their action would be sustained by the anti-aristocratic masses of Great Britain, who have nothing whatever to gain by the spoliation of the Irish democracy. But Gladstone, although in some things advanced beyond most Englishmen of his class, is, by habit and tradition, a trimming old Whig, who has carried, or tried to carry, water on both shoulders so long that he cannot get over the bad habit. We believe that Morley, left to himself, would defy the wrath of the landlords, but, of course, he is a subordinate and must obey while he remains in the cabinet. Harcourt, and the other Whig schemers in that body are, at heart, hostile to the Irish, and their influence has a pernicious effect on the octogenarian who is their nominal chief. But, in any case, the evictions proceed right merrily, and in the fairest and most fertile portions of Ireland, too. The *Irish Independent*, of a late date, contains an account of legalized burglary in the county Limerick, which is a typical specimen of the modern Irish eviction process—half-hearted resistance on the one side, and savage determination on the other. The scene of the eviction was the house and farm of Michael D. Connor, near Newcastle West. He has a wife and a large family. The account of the proceedings says:

"The government allowed the sheriff a protective force of thirty police in charge of District Inspector Smith, and they were at Connor's farm in the morning at 9 o'clock punctually. It having been reported that a spirited resistance would be offered to the evicting brigade, which set out at cock-crow for Limerick, the sheriff and his bailiffs proceeded by train to Abbeyfeale, and thence by car to Cahirhaves, five miles distant, where Connor's farm is situated. The sheriff's approach was heralded by the blowing of horns from all the neighboring hills, and when he reached the scene of operations he found a gathering of some hundreds of people, including women, girls, and youths, assembled and prepared to give him a warm reception. Mr. Hobson entered into a conversation with the wife of the tenant as to a settlement, but it came to naught, and then the bailiffs, with their appliances—crowbars, sledger, and the like—made ready for work. Connor's house was loopholed and barricaded pretty strongly. The loopholes were through the thatch, and the barricading extended to the windows and the door. The latter had earthworks piled up against it, and the windows had the sashes removed and their places filled by furze and branches of briars, lopped so as to fit as compact as possible. Inside were a number of men—eighteen all told, it appears—and they had spades, iron crowbars, hot water, and everything that could make it uncomfortable for the besiegers. The bailiffs attacked the house from the rear, where the hot water could least get at them, though when the fluid did reach, it apparently caused no harm, and for over an hour they tugged away at the wall, without, however, making an aperture through which they could get. The zeal of the defenders, if they were ever serious, in the fight, proved their discomfiture. The bailiffs, in the position from which they attacked the house, were more or less under cover, and so the defenders to get at them with fuller effect, tore away portion of the thatch with that object. The wall stoutly resisted this attack made on it, and the sheriff decided to carry the house with a rush, and through the large hole newly made by the besieged, Dwyer, a bailiff from Limerick, led the way, followed by the sheriff and some police. They were all in a heap, and in a few seconds the siege was at an end. Those inside, taken by surprise, made no effort to prolong the struggle, which now seemed as if it would be taken up by the people outside. They groaned, hooted, and were preparing to stone the police, when Father Casey, P.P., Abbeyfeale, who had arrived on the scene, intervened and prevented any further disturbance. The names of the eighteen men found in Connor's house were taken by the police, and a bailiff having been put in possession of the evicted farm, the eviction was completed. One policeman was struck with a stone, but he was not hurt. The crowd were very bitter against the police."

THE CITIZEN thinks that, under the circumstances, it would be much more dignified for the tenant to make no resistance. Irishmen are no good at half-way measures. A half-hearted resistance only demoralizes them and exposes them also to an unjust charge of cowardice, which, however, their enemies are willing to believe and make the most of. Hot water may be a good style of weapon for old women, but surely not for men. The latter should only fight to kill or be killed. That is how Englishmen, Frenchmen and Americans would do it, and they certainly are not braver than the Irish, but they have more tact and discretion. If those armed constables were to act in England, France or America as they do in Ireland, they would be speedily treated to a Carrickshock lesson. The Irish used to do things better before O'Connell's "moral force" doctrine broke their spirit. Since his death, clergymen, like Father Casey, have kept the people cowed. One peace preaching priest is worth a thousand peelers to the British government in Ireland. The time for the priests to stop demonstrations like that at Newcastle West is at the outset. When the people are allowed to get their blood up to the fighting point, they should be permitted to fight it out like men—fight it out as their grandfathers, who knew nothing and cared less about moral force, would have done. The thirty armed constables would, no doubt, have been exterminated. Some of the people, too, would have fallen. It would be a sharp and unpleasant experiment, but it must be remembered that the slaughter of the peelers at Carrickshock, in 1836, did more for the abolition of the tithes than all the eloquence and statesmanship of O'Connell. THE CITIZEN'S well considered advice to the Irish tenants is this: Either submit like lambs or fight like lions.

THE LATEST HOME RULE HUMBUG.

THE CITIZEN has no faith whatever in the alleged new Home Rule programme of Mr. Gladstone, which recently originated in the cable dispatches of the New York *Times*. Briefly stated the leading proposal is as follows:

"To make of Ireland a dominion divided into four provinces, viz: Ulster, Munster, Connacht and Leinster. Each province to have its own house of representatives, elected by manhood suffrage, and equal electoral districts, and let each house of representatives elect a number (proportioned to the population of the province) of life senators to meet in Dublin and there constitute an Irish senate. Each province to have a governor appointed by the crown, and the governor of Leinster to be president of the Irish senate. All acts of a provincial parliament to have the full power of the government of an American state, and the Irish senate to have the full powers of the United States federal government with the following limitations: *a.* No armed forces, fortresses, arsenals or ships of war to be created or maintained other than such as may be appointed by the imperial parliament of Great Britain and Ireland. *b.* No relations with foreign powers to be established except as arranged by the imperial parliament. *c.* No taxes to be imposed upon commerce between Ireland and any other British country. *d.* No legislation by either senate or provincial parliament to take place in violation of personal liberty or personal freedom or religious belief and thought, or in confiscation of private property. *e* The constitutionality or otherwise of any legislation, whether by the Irish senate or any provincial parliament, to be subject to the adjudication of the judicial committee of the privy council. *f.* The sovereignty of the crown to be enforced by warrant addressed to the governor of the province."

The whole of the foregoing alleged plan is insufficient and frivolous. If it were carried out in deference to the wishes of a mischievous Ulster faction—a minority of the province—it would increase, instead of diminishing, Ireland's ills. Ireland must get liberty as a whole or not at all. The country is large enough to make a respectable, and even formidable State, but, cut into provinces, legislatively there would be no end of clashing interests, local prejudices and consequent confusion. THE CITIZEN does not believe Mr. Gladstone capable of such a proposition unless he is in his dotage. The fact that the scheme has received the indorsement of Eugene Kelly, of New York, convinces THE CITIZEN that the abortion did not have birth in the brain of a statesman of the first class.

AGES AND NATIVITY OF AMERICAN ARCHBISHOPS.

His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, was born, of Irish parents, in Baltimore, Md., July 23 1834; Archbishop Elder was born in the same city, March 23, 1819 Archbishop Feehan was born in the South Riding of Tipperary, Aug 28 1829 Archbishop Ireland first saw light in Kilkenny, Sept. 11, 1838 Archbishop Ryan was born at Thurles, Tipperary, Feb 20, 1831. Archbishop Kenrick is a native of Dublin, having been born in that city Aug. 17, 1806. Archbishop Riordan was born in Chetham, New Brunswick, Aug. 27, 1841. Archbishop Williams was born in Boston, Mass., April 27, 1822 Archbishop Corrigan first saw light in Newark N. J., Aug. 13, 1839. Archbishop Gross was born in Baltimore, Md., June 12, 1837 Archbishop Janssens was born in the town of Tilburg, Holland, Oct. 17, 1843 Archbishop Salpointe was born at St. Maurice, France Feb. 22, 1825. Archbishop Katzer is, we believe, a native of Austria, but our authority for the foregoing, the *Catholic Review*, gives no particulars as to the place or date of his birth.

HOME RULE, EVICTION AND THE ENGLISH VETO.

The friction between the Irish members of parliament and the Gladstone government would seem to be on the increase. A special cablegram to the *Inter-Ocean*, under date of Nov. 26, says:

"As the moment approaches when an absolute agreement between the government and the leaders of the Irish party becomes essential to the continuance of Mr. Gladstone in office, the tendency to discord increases, and it would surprise no one if a serious rupture was the upshot of his proverbial attempt to ride two horses at once. Apart from the discontent in Ireland over Gladstone's proposal to give the imperial government the right of veto over all acts passed by an Irish parliament, the anger of the Nationalists is heightened daily on account of the Dublin executive continuing to order or allow evictions. When John Morley took the reins of government in Ireland as chief secretary the Nationalists were jubilant at the prospect of the cessation of eviction of non-paying tenants. They could not, of course, expect that the people who refused to pay rent would be allowed to retain their holdings, but they hoped that the government would not permit the use of the police or the military to assist landlords in turning out defaulters. Now, however, the Irish leaders find themselves compelled to send urgent private remonstrances to the members of the government, in which they declare that the tenants are as severely pressed as under Mr. Balfour, that priests are sent to jail, and that tory magistrates are still allowed to dominate legal procedure throughout their part of the country. The ministry has answered these remonstrances only informally, and in a spirit of resentment at what it has every appearance of regarding as the impertinence of the Irishmen. McCarthy and Dillon and others have been plainly told that the ministers are doing the best they can for their Irish allies in circumstances of great difficulty, and that they ought not to be worried by unreasonable demands. As a soother for wounded Hibernian feelings, however, Secretary Morley has obtained the assent of his colleagues to promise to grant £75 000 as a fund to reinstate evicted tenants."

It is the same weary old, old story. Nothing can better illustrate the fatality of British rule in Ireland, in any shape whatever. No faith can be placed by Irishmen in English parties. They promise only to betray, and they use Ireland merely as a stepping stone to partisan political power. It is within the power of the Irish party to turn Gladstone out of office. But what good would that do Ireland? Salisbury would be just as bad. He could hardly be worse, as far as the Irish tenantry are concerned. Oh, the weariness of it all! What is the matter with Ireland? Can she never be at rest? the whole world asks in amazement. Any Irishman, who has not read the history of his native country in vain, knows that the only thing the matter with Ireland is the English government thereof, and that she can never rest while England exercises the slightest degree of governing power over her fortunes. Gladstone, after repeatedly, and eloquently, confessing that the Union was consummated by corruption and blackguardism, still insists that it must be maintained, and also insists on England's veto power over the proposed Home Rule parliament. This veto power was what Molyneaux, Swift, Lucas, Flood, Grattan and the other chiefs of "the eloquent war" which preceded the Union fought against in the last century. It was Poynings Law which was repealed by the peaceful revolution, backed by the arms of the Volunteers, in 1782, and this is in practical effect the very law—the fruitful source of quarrels and heart-burning in other days—which Mr. Gladstone proposes to revive in connection with the singed cat of a "parliament" which he says he is going to establish in Dublin, if he can. No wonder that the Irish party—both sections of it—kicks, and it has our most profound sympathy in its muscular protest against such a fraud and mockery.

GALLANT COLONEL RICE.

The stalwart soldier, who commands the Columbian Guards at the World's Fair grounds, has a military record of which the highest of our generals might well be proud. He holds only the rank of lieutenant colonel, although he is credited with having done as much to turn the tide of rebel victory into the ebb of defeat, on the third and final day of Gettysburg, as any man who stood in the Union ranks on that bloody, and really decisive, field. Col. Rice began his active military career at the age of 19 as captain of the Fourteenth Massachusetts Regiment, April 27, 1861. He held the same rank successively in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, and was engaged in the battle of Ball's Bluffs, Peninsular campaign, battle of Marion Mills, siege of Yorkstown, battles of West Point, Fair Oaks, Oak Grove, Peach Orchard, Allen's Farm, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendall (commanding regiment), Malvern Hill, second Malvern Hill, Bull Run, Fairfax Court House, South Mountain and Antietam, where he was severely wounded. After recovery he was promoted major of the Nineteenth Massachusetts Volunteers. He was engaged in the second attack on Fredericksburg and the action at Thoroughfare Gap.

The War Department testified, says the *Inter-Ocean*, that the conspicuous gallantry of Major Edmund Rice, of the Nineteenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, at the third day's battle of Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded, did more than the single exertion of any other officer on our side to retrieve the day, after the battle had been virtually won by Confederates who had broken our lines, and were cheering and swinging their hats on our captured guns.

After the line was broken the Nineteenth dashed in and placed themselves in the rear of the break, and for twelve minutes received the enemy's fire, at a distance of less than fifteen paces. In that time one man in every two of the whole regiment, and seven over, fell, including Rice, *who was shot in front of his men*, with his foot on the body of a fallen Confederate, he being at that moment the officer fighting nearest to the enemy in our whole line. He fought till he fell; his men fought till they fell. His example held them firm at a great crisis in the country's history. He held Pickett's heavy column in check with the single thin line of his regiment till re-enforcements came from right and left and thus saved the day, and as a consequence prevented the Confederacy being acknowledged by England, as we all now know it would have been if successful in that battle; and it is conceded that the war was ended two years sooner than if Gettysburg had been a Confederate success, followed by all its natural consequences. Few men are as brave as Col. Rice; he has rendered his country immortal service.

On the occasion of Pickett's charge against our lines, formed on the cemetery ridge, his regiment was in position in rear of Cushing's and Rorty's batteries, and when Armistead's brigade of Pickett's division broke through our lines at the stone wall, rolling back the remainder of the brigade and leaving a most dangerous gap in our front, his regiment rushed forward through "the clump of trees," engaging the enemy hand to hand, stemmed the tide of disaster with reckless courage, and captured four stands of colors and hundreds of the enemy.

This magnificent counter charge was, without doubt, the salvation of the Federal army, and a most vital step in the march to a restored Union.

To the daring lerdership and magnificent courage of Lieut.-Col. Rice in that crisis much credit is due for the great success of the movement. With the cry of "*Follow me, boys!*" he dashed forward into the advance of the enemy, fighting with indomitable courage, and fell desperately wounded inside the lines of the enemy, without doubt the leading "man in blue" who penetrated and fell within Pickett's advance.

After Gettysburg he served to the end of the war, passing through the bloody battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and Reem's Station without serious injury, although ever in the van of the fight. He participated in the last fusillade of the war—so far as the Army of the Potomac was concerned—at Appomattox. When the conflict closed, he was assigned to the famous Fifth United States Infantry, and bore a gallant part in the constant Indian warfare in which that splendid regiment was engaged. He was the first officer of the United States army who successfully used the Hotchkiss rifled cannon against Indians, having brought his battery into action, after a gallop of fifteen miles over a rather difficult country, against Sitting Bull and Spotted Eagle's Indian war party at Milk river fight, Montana, July 17 1879. He trained his guns so accurately that, at the second discharge, the unaccustomed savages, frighted by the exploding shell, broke and ran in mad panic toward the shelter of the Canadian line, leaving behind them a large quantity of provisions, and other material, as well as many dead ponies. Some of the Indians, including Little Assiniboine, since killed, with Sitting Bull, during the Ghost Dance troubles of 1890, were wounded by fragments of the missiles, and this caused the stampede. They could stand leaden bullets well enough, but iron blown to fragments in their midst was too much for their untutored courage.

Col. Rice is a tall, finely proportioned, decidedly handsome man, still in the prime of life, although military hardship has grizzled his mustache and worn bare his temples and his forehead. It is no wonder that, under the command of this veritable hero, the Columbian Guards should be a model military corps.

COL. KILMER ON GEN. T. W. SWEENEY.

Col. George L. Kilmer, of New York, is generally an accurate and always an entertaining military historian. He recently published an interesting sketch of the late Gen. Thomas W. Sweeney in the *Irish World*, and, in closing it, said:

"A second cloud settled upon Gen. Sweeney's fortunes in 1866 as a result of his love for the land of his birth. The Fenian Brotherhood numbered him among its adherents in common with most of the distinguished sons of Ireland in the Union camps, and he was chosen to head the Irish forces for the invasion of Canada. He had reached the rank of brigadier general in the regular army, and resigned that exalted and honorable position to fight for the banner of green. A force of 40 000 men was promised him, but when the Clans mustered on the Canadian border there was not a good division on all the line between St. Albans and Buffalo.

"Yet the die was cast, and the General crossed over at Buffalo with Col. O'Neill's detachment, aided in the attack on Limestone Ridge, and shed blood for the cause. It was a fiasco of the most disastrous sort, and the whole movement went to pieces. But the Republic was not ungrateful to to the heroic exile, and he was soon afterward restored to full rank in the army and placed on the retired list. So he died a soldier in the enjoyment of a rank earned upon a score of battlefields."

We regret to say that Col. Kilmer is badly informed in regard to Gen. Sweeney's part in the Fenian invasion of Canada. In the first place, he held only the rank of major in the regular army when he was chosen to lead the hostile movement against the British provinces in America. In the second place, he did not cross with O'Neill to the Canadian side, nor was he in Buffalo during the time the raid lasted. He did not, in fact, get within several hundred miles of either Buffalo or St. Albans at that period. Consequently, he "shed" no "blood" at Limestone Ridge or Fort Erie, although a good many other equally brave Irishmen did. Why he did not get to the front has never been satisfactorily explained. As far as the fighting part of the Fenian raid went it was anything but "a fiasco." O'Neill's inferior force defeated the Canadian Volunteers, and a few regulars with them, at Ridgeway, with heavy loss to them. He also defeated and captured the Welland Canal Artillery at Fort Erie, killing and wounding some and capturing the majority. These latter he paroled, when he found himself, through the blundering of those in command above him, unsupported and compelled to retreat across the rapid Niagara river—a remarkable feat, performed almost in the face of the reinforced enemy—in the night succeeding the combats. When Col. Kilmer states that "there was not a good division on all the line between St. Albans and Buffalo," he is much mistaken. Gen. Meade, who commanded for the United States, granted transportation to their homes for nearly 40 000 men, most of them Irish veterans of both the Union and Confederate armies. These, of course, included all the men en route at the period when the government, of which Andrew Johnson was chief, interfered to protect the Canadians. But a very few days after the Ridgeway fight, there were at least 20,000 men—an average army corps—on the line between St. Albans and Buffalo, perfectly willing, and able, to fight and to conquer if they had been ably and intelligently led. THE CITIZEN would respectfully refer Col. Kilmer to Col. William R. Roberts, of his own city, late United States Minister to Chili under the Cleveland regime, and Mr. Patrick J. Meehan, editor of the *Irish-American*, of New York, for further particulars. It is fortunate for his memory that Gen. Sweeney's military glory does not depend upon his record as commander-in-chief of the Fenian army. It is due to the latter to say that no part of the failure was attributable to the rank and file, or to the officers under the rank of general.

THE talk of sending William Nangle, who during the first Land League excitement in Ireland, about 1880, shot at a land shark, or agent, named Dudgeon—an evictor and exterminator of the tenant farmers—and missed him, back to Ireland from New York, is purely nonsensical. Mr. Morley, convinced that the man was sufficiently punished, recently ordered his release on condition that he should come to America. Nangle's brother, an officer of the Chicago police force, paid his passage to this country, where there are no brutal exterminators and where the unfortunate man will have a chance to make a livelihood. Gen. O'Beirne, one of the inspectors of immigration in New York, very properly declined to detain Nangle, and a great hullabaloo has been raised about it by some American editors, who do not understand the circumstances of his conviction and release. If Mr. Nangle has any ambition to become a member of the Chicago police force, after he has acquired citizenship, his record as a poor marksman in Ireland might tell against his efficiency.

ON Tuesday letters of administration on the estate of the late John J. Fitzgibbon were issued to the widow, Mrs. Annie Fitzgibbon, residing at No. 9139 South Chicago avenue, in bond of $75 000. Property worth $36 000 is left to the widow and five children, there being no will.

THE Rev. J. J. Tobias, a wild and woolly Methodist preacher, who converts the bible into a pulpit anvil, has been emptying the vials of his wrath on us poor "Romanists," whom he accuses of a variety of meditated crimes against society and the state. Of course Tobias is either an omadhaun or a moral horse thief. He knows full well that we are good citizens although we don't frequent his bigot factory. Did it ever occur to Brer Tobias that his name rhymes quite nicely with Ananias? If you're strong, Brer Tobias, be merciful, and don't decide, just yet, to drive us out of this country. We have a constitution, Brer Tobias. It is ours as well as yours: and it recognizes equally the Catholic, the Methodist, the Jew and the Buddhist. If you don't like it, Brer Tobias, be good enough to vamos and not bother us any more.

A BRANCH of the Catholic Young Men's Union was formed in St. Anne's parish last Sunday afternoon. The Members were eloquently addressed by the Rev. Dr. Elliott, the famous Paulist preacher.

THE CITIZEN, at the hour of going to press, deeply regrets to learn the unexpected death of Mrs. Bailey, the beloved wife of ex-Ald. M. B. Bailey, of this city.

EMANUEL CUSTER, father of the late Gen. George A. Custer, the famous cavalry leader, died on Monday at the residence of his son, Nevin J. Custer, in Parsonville, Mich., aged 85 years. The loss of three sons, a grandson, and a son-in-law on the same bloody day on the Little Big Horn, is the measure of this old man's sacrifices for the republic. General George, Captain Tom, and Boston, a civilian, were the sons killed in the disastrous fight with the Indians. Harry Armstrong Reed, a grandson, also a civilian, and Lieutenant James Calhoun, his son-in law, were also killed.

HON. PATRICK EGAN sailed from New York for Valparaiso, to resume his post as United States Minister to Chili, last Wednesday morning.

IT would appear that that the Tory "lord lieutenants" of the Irish counties are ignoring Secretary Morley's attempts to liberalize the local magistracy. A London dispatch, dated Nov. 26, says: "The Nationalist press is chiefly indignant at the continued exclusion of Nationalists and Roman Catholics from the magistracy, and that orders sent to the lord lieutenants of the counties to appoint Liberal justices of the peace are disregarded. The lord lieutenants are nearly all Conservatives. The chancellor can appoint magistrates over the heads of the lieutenants, but the power is rarely exercised. If, however, the Conservatives persist in ignoring the orders of the government, Gladstone will be obliged to exercise his right. William O'Brien vehemently protests against every eviction of tenants in Sligo and Mayo, and makes a strong appeal to Mr. Morley to prevent the 'sordid, wicked business.'"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and as seldom read.

FIRST ATTEMPT, Lowe avenue, City.—Your verses are deficient rhythm. The poetic instinct is a gift of nature, but even the most naturally gifted poets require cultivation of the Muses, and also long practice. If you desire to become a writer of poetry, study the works of Moore, Burns, Mangan, Mrs. Hemans, Longfellow, Emmerson, Whittier, Bryant, "Speranza" and other famous writers, in order that you may become thoroughly acquainted with the beauties of composition. The poem you send is, we regret to say, not up to our standard, but there is no good reason why you should not try again.

LABORER Peoria, Ill.—Patrick Ford, editor of the *Irish World*, was born in the vicinity of the city of Galway. He is about 50 years of age, of medium height, slightly but well built, and a charming conversationalist as well as a writer of extraordinary force and lucidity. Mr. Ford has done too much good service for Ireland and Irishmen to be misunderstood, or misrepresented, by any of his fellow-countrymen.

ATHLETIC, City.—THE CITIZEN cannot undertake to decide bets. If you feel that you ought to know more than you do, or more than most ordinary men, take advantage of THE CITIZEN'S Encyclopedia offer, which will be found in our advertising columns. Purchase, also, a good pronouncing dictionary. You are too young to allow yourself to grow up unlettered.

URBS INTACTA, City.—Charles Kean, the great "English" actor, was born in your native city of Waterford, Ireland, about the beginning of the century.

INQUIRER, City.—The Hon. Maurice T. Maloney, Attorney-General-elect of Illinois, was born in Ireland. He is one of the most successful practicing lawyers in this state. His home is in Ottawa, and he has innumerable friends among men of all parties. Mr. Maloney has always been prominently identified with the Irish National movement, and has held high office in the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

THE MARTYRED BRAVE.

The Memory of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien Fittingly Honored at a Great Meeting in Central Music Hall.

Musical and Literary Programme—An Outline of the Address.

The Audience.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Manchester martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, was celebrated in a becoming manner at Central Music Hall on the evening of the 23 inst. A very large and interested audience, composed about equally of ladies and gentlemen, attended. The Rev. Father J. P. Dore presided, and among those on the platform or occupying seats in the auditorium, were noticed: J. F. O'Connor, M. Waldron, J. P. McKenna, J. T. Gibbons, Patrick O'Brien, William H. Kelly, J. F. Keating, William H. Lyman, John J. Mahoney, Martin Mulcahy, John Dowling, William Dougherty, Patrick Tierney, William Gavin, John Ansbro, M. Friell, F. D. Kinsella, William H. Joyce, Edward Rowland, L. Hensly, H. R. Gibbons, L. K. Buckley, Thomas Finnegan, H. K. Jordan, Daniel Horan, John W. Stanton, H. P. Flemming, M. J. Kelly, M. M'Carthy, Peter Kelly, B. Flanagan, Alexander McDonald, Thomas A. Beckett, John McCaffry, Thomas Conroy, A. G. Duggan, A. McKeon, P. Clabby, Daniel O'Connor, John J. O'Connell, P. V. Fitzpatrick, J. T. Clark, Alex. O'Donnell, P. J. Duffy, M. J. Harrington, John E. Long, Charles Calanan, John C. Leonard, Maurice O'Shea, M. Farrelly, Thomas Ahern, John McEniff, Thomas McCarthy, Bernard Quinn, David Almon, Michael Fitzgerald, John McHugh, John Atkins, John McCaffry, Cornelius Nagle, Peter Doyle, Thomas Fitzgerald, P. F. Conway, Thomas Mulcahy, James O'Hara, James McLaughlin, Patrick C. Finerty, Peter Kinslow, Edward Ring, Patrick Quinn, David L. Barry, Edward Hogan, James Curtin, Michael Heaney, Walter O'Keefe, T. F. McCarthy, William Prindiville, J. F. Healey, M. Jordan, Thomas Quirk, Patrick Loftus, Edward Murphy, Thomas Teague, Andrew McCarthy, Maurice Coffey, Geo. B. Hennessy, William Fogarty, R. D. Walsh, of Butte City, Mont., J. W. McCarthy, Daniel Gallery, Joseph P. Duffy, the Hon. Maurice T. Maloney, Attorney-General-elect of Illinois, Capt. P. O'Connor, and many others. Nearly all were accompanied by ladies.

The Opening Exercises.

The Rev. chairman delivered an eloquent and patriotic, although rather brief, opening address, in which he did full justice to the departed heroes. He congratulated the audience on the large number present notwithstanding the many attractions elsewhere on the evening of Thanks giving. His remarks were frequently applauded. He then introduced a quartette, composed of the Misses Hiss and Cahill, and Messrs. Maher and Burke, who sang "The Star Spangled Banner" in acceptable style.

Mr. E. J. Quinlan was next introduced and sang "Who Fears to Speak of '99?" with such success that he was enthusiastically encored, and responded with an appropriate selection.

Mr. James Campbell did not do either himself or the subject full justice in his recitation of "Fontenoy," the lines of which he failed to remember, but he made up for this short coming by giving a dramatic selection which was well received.

The Unity Male Quartette gave "Kathleen Mavourneen" with spirit and feeling, and were much applauded.

Miss Nellie T. Cahill was at home in her excellent rendition of that charming and favorite ballad, "Killarney."

The following address was read by Mr. John J. O'Connell, who possesses a clear, ringing voice:

The Address.

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: A quarter of a century has rolled by since the dead bodies of three Irish patriot martyrs were consigned to graves filled with quick-lime, in the prison yard of Salford jail, England. Their crime, for which they paid the penalty of death, consisted in rescuing from armed Englishmen, in the streets of Manchester, the persons of two gallant chiefs of the Irish revolutionary movement, who had fallen into the hands of their country's enemies. At the time, Ireland and England were virtually at war. Their brave and daring deed was an act of war, carried out in the full light of day, with a gallantry that would have excited the admiration of generous foemen. It awakened in the English heart, however, feelings of hatred, mortification and vengeance unequalled since our Highland kindred in 1745 advanced the banners of 'Prince Charley' to the gates of Derby. A cry for blood rang through the length and breadth of England. It was answered by the indecent trial, unfair conviction and speedy legal murder of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, who have since been designated, and who will go down to the latest records of history, as the Manchester Martyrs.

"Since the landing of Strongbow, English soldiers, and policemen in English pay, have slaughtered on the most frivolous pretexts Irishmen on their native soil. The latest exhibition of this chronic brutality was the Mitchelstown massacre, still fresh in the public memory. It has not been recorded that any English soldier or Anglo-Irish policeman has been executed for the countless murders perpetrated on the Irish people. The men of Manchester represented the immortal principle that Ireland should belong to the Irish. For this principle they struck a blow upon English soil, and for this we honor them. The present is a generation of expediency. We are taught to rely upon the protestations and promises of Englishmen alleged to be converted to the idea of justice to Ireland. Let us hope that the near future may not emphatically teach us the value of the maxim that our hope and trust are in ourselves alone. Under any circumstances, we cannot better insure the future prosperity and liberty for Ireland than by keeping fresh in our souls the memory of the true men who fought, suffered and died that she might be free. In this spirit we honor the men of Manchester, and will teach our children to honor them also. They were the latest confessors of the creed of Ireland's independence, and in their blood has been written the gospel of her liberty.

"Unite, then, with us fellow countrymen, in making this anniversary holy in the sight of freemen, and the martyrs of Manchester exemplars of the methods by which America and Greece, Hungary and the Spanish colonies obtained their liberties. We hope that the olive branch held out by Gladstone may not wither in the frozen breath of British prejudice, but, if it should, and no other hope should remain for the attainment of the rights of Ireland, than the old argument of force, let us never forget that God is just; and that

'The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock.'"

The following numbers were then rendered: "Come Back to Erin," by Miss Rosa Hiss; bagpipe solo, by Prof. B. Delaney, who was rewarded by tumultuous applause; "Lament of the Irish Emigrant," by Mr. Charles Maher; "Meeting of the Waters," by Mr. W. D. Halle, and "Columbia," by the quartette.

Mr. Finerty's Remarks.

The closing address was delivered by John F. Finerty, who alluded to the fact that there had been for several hundred years two parties in Ireland who had tried different methods of overthrowing English rule. One party, especially within the last hundred and fifty years, had relied upon eloquent appeals to English justice and magnanimity. They spoke either with bated breath or in dulcet tones to their tyrants. The other party were represented in history by such men as Art MacMurrough, the hero King of Leinster (cheers); the Geraldines of the House of Desmond; Shane the Proud (cheers) Hugh O'Neill, called Earl of Tyrone (cheers); Red Hugh O'Donnell (cheers), Owen Roe O'Neill, Patrick Sarsfield (cheers), Theobald Wolfe Tone (loud cheers), Lord Edward, Father John Murphy (cheers), Robert Emmet (applause), and Martyrs of Manchester. (Prolonged cheering). They met there that night to emphasize their respect for and belief in the sentiment for which those brave men struggled, suffered and died. Their presence could have no other meaning, and, whatever might be Ireland's future fate, the sacrifices made by her martyrs could never be forgotten by the people they died to ennoble. (Applause.) The policy represented by the martyrs was, at that moment displaced, but not finally. (Cheers.) The Irish race could not consistently pin its faith in victory on the life or death of a feeble old gentleman not remarkable for political consistency, but apparently willing to do for Ireland as much as his Whig associates would let him do. ("Hear" and applause.) How much that was they could not judge until his Home Rule bill was presented and developed; but suppose that the old statesman died, or that his bill was defeated, were the Irish people, therefore, going to resign the struggle for right which has been maintained, under the most adverse circumstances, for centuries? (cries of "Never.")

Mr. Gladstone, it was said, held out "the olive branch" to Ireland. It had, at least, the merit of being green, like all olive branches, but how long would the English ruling classes allow its verdure to last, if they considered it in conflict with their interests? The history of Ireland's past and present relations with England gave a discouraging answer. For centuries every effort of English statesmanship was devoted to the destruction of Irish resources and industries. Some industries survived because England, owing to defects of soil and climate could not compete with them, and others were permitted to survive because they furnished, by taxation, a revenue to the English Crown. But everything that England competed with, or did not derive revenue from, was compelled to give way to the British producer and manufacturer. (Hear and applause.) They heard of eternally recurring Irish famines. The English ostentatiously passed around the hat for Ireland, after they had plundered her of resources. The whole world knew, or ought to know, that Ireland has always produced at least three times as much food every year, as would support a much larger population than the rec ased one of the present generation, only 4½ millions us. Where did all the wealth of its soil go to? It went to England to pay exorbitant rents, and its price was squandered in the capitals of Continental Europe as well as in London. England had he d for centuries the Irish purse, had appropriated to her own use the Irish revenues; by her greed had produced famine after famine, and, having done so, she added ignominy to injury by exhibiting her victims' rags and sores to the civilized world. She made Ireland a beggar, and then upbraided her for her poverty. (Applause.) An island that, even in her worst years, exported to England, and elsewhere, $90,000,000, or more of produce, surely ought to be able to live without the aid of outside charity in any shape. ("Hear, hear.") It was to right this wrong, to destroy this intolerable system, that the men of Manchester struck that brave blow which consigned them at once to death and immortality. (Prolonged applause.)

It was well that the Irish race should bear these facts in mind. Those men, or the men who went before them, made no vain, wild or useless sacrifice. They knew exactly what they wanted, and they went at it in a plain and practical manner. That one blow, struck bravely on English soil, shook down the Irish Established church and propelled Mr. Gladstone on the path of progress. (Applause and laughter.) It was not the gentlemen of bated breath and dulcet tones who converted the English Whigs to Home Rule ideas. It was the men who spoke "the argument of Kings," and whose voices rang around the earth in their heroic death cry, "God save Ireland!" (Continued applause.) No wonder, then, that they were honored there that night and in thousands of other places throughout the world. They were the prophets, and the martyrs, the confessors and the exemplars of a great cause, immortal as their own true spirits. (Applause.) The lesson they taught would live in the hearts of their people—to warn and to animate. When the day would come, and come it must, that Ireland should rule herself, after ages of odious suppression, the ashes of her heroes, buried in foreign graves, would be by her reclaimed, and no hero dust that she could reclaim to her bosom ought to rest beneath a lottier obelisk than that of the Martyrs of Manchester. (Continued applause.)

The exercises concluded with the singing of "God Save Ireland," by the audience all standing up, and led by the Hon. M. McInerney.

Emmet Guards Ball.

Company B, Robert Emmet Guards, will give its first ball on Saturday evening, Dec 10, at Curran's Hall, No. 350 Blue Island avenue. The company was only recently organized, but nevertheless the expectations of the members are that the dance will be a success'ul one—most of them say that the name Robert Emmet ought to be enough to make all their undertakings successful. Company A always drew a host of friends to their dances, and now that they are to the fore is helping Company B this may be one of the most successful dances of the season. At its last business meeting Company B elected for its captain M. P. Kelly, who is well known in Company F circles in St. Paul parish; the other officers are Thomas Cronin, first lieutenant; Thomas Farrell, second lieutenant, and P. Egany, company clerk. The company extends a cordial invitation to their many friends, and invites members of the Clan-na-Gael Guards and Hibernian Rifles to honor them with their presence.

THE Rev. Father John Conway, editor of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, in the latest issue of his admirable paper, says: "Ireland never had a cardinal in the sacred college until the appointment of the late Cardinal Cullen. His eminence was not much of an Irishman, may the Lord forgive him. England gets plenty of cardinals, and, if the truth were told, manages to keep the 'sister country' without any such honors. It would not benefit the Christianity of our readers if we told them how England does this. Sir George Errington very nearly gave away the secret, but, as he is not trustworthy, people did not believe him when he told the truth."

PERSONAL.

The Chicago *Daily Sun*, of Nov. 26, says: "The statement in Wednesday's issue that Mr. Frank J. Ryan, manager for J. S. Hyland & Co., the book publishing firm, was a candidate for the Town Clerkship of Lake, is slightly incorrect. Mr. Ryan is not a candidate for the clerkship but will be a candidate for the supervisorship at the election next spring." Mr. Ryan is one of the active young Irish-American business men of this city to whom is primarily due the great success of the Gaelic Athletic Association, an organization that devotes itself to the revival of the health-producing and stirring old Irish games and pastimes. He is also prominently identified with the Irish National movement. Mr. Ryan was born in the parish of Templederry, near Borrisoleigh, county Tipperary, Ireland, and comes of a sturdy, well to do family, who were always found true to the interests of their native land. He is still a young man and his fine business ability and strict integrity are recognized by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. THE CITIZEN wishes Mr. Ryan health and prosperity.

Mr. John T. O'Connell, one of Chicago's active and enterprising business men, is engaged in real estate, loans and insurance at No. 88 Washington street, and makes building loans a specialty. He also gives special attention to the interests of non-residents of Chicago. Mr. O'Connell is entirely trustworthy, and those who commit their interests to his keeping will make no mistakes.

MR. GEORGE FITZGERALD and Miss Joyce, sister of Mr. W. H. Joyce, ex-President of the United Irish Societies, were united in marriage in this city last week.

TEN CENTS CAN DO MUCH.

With One Dime a Day an Entire Library May Be Secured.

As a matter of fact, the silver dime is the great American coin. It is thoroughly democratic in its character, pressing all palms in its circulating travels, visiting the palace and the hut, the saint and the sinner, the rich and poor, the young and old.

It has a thousand times the carrying powers of its big brother, the silver dollar, and goes on its way serenely indifferent to politics and congress, for it is too small to set the oratorical mill grinding. The catalogue of results obtained by the dime as an active factor is a long one, and contains an astonishing variety. But the most amazing thing which can be accomplished by the nimble, agile 10 cent piece, is the purchasing of an entire library.

Ten cents a day will do it. The price of a good smoke or a couple of packages of chewing-gum or an ice cream soda each twenty-four hours will give our readers the entire set of twenty volumes of the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica. It seems too absurd to be true, but we have made just that proposition to any and all of our friends and readers.

It is an opportunity that should not be passed by. It is a chance which will only last for a short time. It is a proposition which is gauged to the capacity of the slenderest purse, and it is made only to our readers.

NOTICE—Persons desiring the Encyclopedia must cut the order blank out of THE CITIZEN and fill it out; otherwise the books will not be sent.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine for December is full of interesting articles. There are three articles on the Columbian Celebration; Portrait of Hon. Edward Blake, with a history of his life, and an account of his visit to Boston. He has left for England to be present at the opening of Parliament; Rev. John Halpin on the Irish Crisis; the interesting tale of the Music-Master's Daughter is concluded; A Glance at Ireland's Poets and Poetry; The Existence of God, by Rev. James McKernan; Specifics for the Cure of Inebriety; La Trappe in the United States; The Pioneer Woman of California; Married Women in Society; When Ireland was a Nation; a story of an old Christmas tide, and Christmas stories for children. These are but a few of the various articles in the December issue. $2 a year, $1 for six months. Now is the time to subscribe. Sample copies sent gratis. Address *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

What $16 Will Do.

It will pay your passage from Chicago to New York over the Erie Lines, in as comfortable a car as any one could ask for, and on a train that runs through solid without change. If you are thinking of going East, or bringing friends from there, or from the old country West, it will pay you to write to or call on F. W. BUSKIRK, the Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Erie, whose office is 502 Phœnix Building, Chicago. It is a sure thing that he can save you money.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A. O. H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER } Com.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$721 75
Ald. W. J. O'Brien, 2763 Archer-av.	10 00
Messrs. Murphy & Delaney, Nos. 10-12 Wabash avenue	10 00
Owen Murray, 3482 Wabash avenue	10 00
Ald. W. F. Mahony, 56 state street	5 00
John Hallowed, 37 39 Adams street	5 00
M. B. Daly, 99 Lasalle street	5 00
Patrick O'Connor, 484 Taylor street	2 00
J. Murphy, 235 Lasalle street	1 00
W. J. Brennan, 1821 Indiana avenue	1 00
James Looney, 255 Kenmore av. Hyde Park	2 50
Martin Mulcahey, 2834 Fifth avenue (collected from his friends)	50 65
Collected by Mr. Patrick Ryan, Fort Madison, Ia., $10.50 as follows: Patrick Ryan, John Wyler, Michael Ryan, William Smith, William Sheehan, Richard Walsh, Michael Conway, Michael Mannix, William Ryan, James Loftus, $1 each, and Ernst Mottenstettle 50c.	10 50

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Union Catholic Library.

A reception will be held at the rooms of the Union Catholic Library Association on Friday evening, Dec 9. Mr. Leo Mutter, late organist at the Jesuit church, will preside at the piano; his pupil, Master Oscar Marcelat—a boy with a most phenomenal voice, and of pure culture, for his years—will sing. Miss Annie Harding and her father, Mr. John Harding, will sing a duet, and there will be a solo also by Miss Harding. Mr. M. B. Wells and others will assist in the programme. A very entertaining evening is promised.

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3 000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:30 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

H. R. EAGLE

7 lb. New Buckwheat Flour for	25 cents
Absolutely Pure Maple Syrup, per gallon	$1.00
2 lb. cans Table Apples, each	5 cents
Z nte Currants, per lb.	3 cents
Large California Loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb.	5 cents
Old Fashioned (full one pound) Christmas Candies	19 cents
2-ounce Jar Beef Extract of Beef	29 cents
27-ounce Bottles Spanish Queen Olives	19 cents
Best Quality Deviled Ham, per can	4 cents
Full Pint Bottles Worcestershire Sauce	20 cents
Half-Pound Cans Rinkle's Cocoa	19 cents
2-lb Cans Sliced Pineapples	5 cents
2-lb Cans Marrowfat Peas	5 cents
Extra Fancy 3-lb Tomatoes, per dozen cans	$1.00
1 dozen Pure Cocoanut Oil Toilet Soap	25 cents
1 dozen Best Turkish Bath Toilet Soap	29 cents
50 Ladies' Corsets, some of them worth $1.75 to close them out	9 cents
An 18-inch Partly Dressed Washable Doll	8 cents
We do this just to advertise our Doll Department.	
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb.	25 cents

CANDY FOR CHRISTMAS.

BUY NOW.

Gum Drops, per lb.	3 cents
Pure Broken Lump, per lb.	4 cents
Good Mixed Candy, per lb.	5 cents
Pure Rock Candy, per lb.	6 cents
All String White Rock Candy, per lb.	9 cents
All New Mixed Nuts, per lb.	10 cents

MEN'S SHOES.

These 3 styles of Shoes advertised today are Shoes to brag of, if we were braggers. We're proud of them. You'll be when you have them on your feet.

$2.75 French Patent Leather LACE SHOE.
Ease, Elegance, and Economy in every way (State street price, $5.00).

$1.75 Fine Calf Sewed LACE SHOE.
Are stylish in appearance, fit the foot well, and give no end of wear. (Special price to move them quickly).

$1.25 Congress and Lace, A Winter Shoe.
Combines strength with comfort and neatness.

Remember, we are in the
SHOE BUSINESS.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

JAPANNED BREAD OR CAKE BASKETS.

Small, only	39 cents
Medium, only	49 cents
Large, only	59 cents

EXTRA HEAVY RETINNED BREAD BASKETS, WITH PERFORATED COVERS.

10-quart, only	55 cents
14 quart, only	65 cents
17-quart, only	75 cents
21-quart, only	85 cents
Imported Spices Cabinets, 9 drawers, finely finished, only	49 cents
Imported Salt Boxes, only	10 cents
Large Broom Corn Scrub Brush, only	3 cents
Large Wood-Handled Tinned Pokers, only	5 cents
Fire Shovels, only	8 cents
13-in. Hardwood Chopping Bowls	5 cents
15-in. Hardwood Chopping Bowls	7 cents
19 in. Hardwood Chopping Bowls	12 cents
4-quart Granite Iron Coffee or Tea Pot, only	59 cents
1-quart Granite Iron Dippers, only	15 cents
2-quart Beveridge Automatic Steam Cooker	$1.29

DOLLS.

We have the best line of Dolls (for the money) of any house in the city—for instance:

20-inch Washable Face, Partially Dressed Doll, only	15 cents
18-inch Dressed Doll, one in a box, only	19 cents
18-inch Dressed Doll, in handsome colored satin dress, only	39 cents
35-inch Partly Dressed, and Real Shoes, only	89 cents

BUTTERINE.

It is cheaper, better, cleaner, and healthier than the average Butter.

Reliable Dairy, per pail	$1.25
Wisconsin, per pail	1.50
Purity Creamery, per pail	1.70

This is the finest made.

LADIES (While they last)

You Can Buy

Reynold Bros. (Best Make)

Kid Hand Turned Boots $1.00
Kid Hand Welt Boots $1.50
(They always sold for $3.00 and $4.00).

Our 50 cent Slipper,

(Best in the land).

Kid Dress Slippers,

Fine.	Finer.	Finest.
$1.00	$1.25	$1.50

Made for full dress and dancing. You'll not find any to match them should you search the town over so handsomely made, so presentable in appearance.

Ladies' Best Overgaiters 35c
(State street stores get 75c and $1.00).

A Word of Remembrance for

MEN'S HOLIDAY SLIPPERS

OF THE BEST KINDS,

89c, $1.00 & $1.25.

Put any of our Slippers beside one of like cost in town, you'll see with half an eye where the dollars are biggest.

Watch Our Ads.

EXTRACT BEEF.

BEST QUALITY.

2-ounce Jar	29 cents
4 ounce Jar	57 cents
8 ounce Jar	98 cents
16 ounce Jar	$1.89

CIGARS.

Our Eagle—it's a screamer; 4½-inch long Havana filler, finest Florida wrapper, hand made, our own brand, 3 bundles in a box of 100, the leading nickel cigar in the market, per 1 000, $30.00; per box $3.00
Golden Crown, 4½-inch long Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper, 50 in a box; were $5, now $22 per 1,000; per box of 50 ..... $1.25
Plantation, 4½ inch long filler, Sumatra wrapper, 50 in a box; per 1,000 $14; per box ..... 75 cents
Havana Belle, 4½-inch, combination filler, fine seed wrapper, 25 in a box; per 1,000, $16.50; per box ..... 49 cents
Carmencita, warranted fine seed wrapper, 50 in a box; per 1,000, $15; per box ..... 85 cents
La Caroline, 4½ inch long Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper, 50 in a box; per 1,000, $17; per box $2.50
Peerless, 4½ inch pantella shape, 50 in a box; per 1,000, $15; per box ..... 85 cents

H. R. Eagle & Co.,

GROCERS, 68 & 70 WABASH-AV.

Church Choir Banquet.

The annual banquet given to the members and friends of the chorus of the Holy Family church, usually held on Nov 22 (St. Cecilia's feast), will this year take place on Dec 13, at the Sodality Hall, May and Seventeenth streets.

T. Shea, Tailor,
126 West Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $13. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HYMENEAL.

GRAHAM—REEVES.

The marriage of Mr. Joseph M. Graham and Miss Elizabeth C. Reeves took place at St. Peter's church on Monday morning, Nov. 21, at 10 o'clock, where high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Tolton, pastor of St. Monica's church, assisted by the Rev. Father Maximilian, pastor of St. Peter's, in which parish the bride was reared. A beautiful mass was sung by the Young Ladies' Society, of which the bride has long been a member. The bridesmaids were Mis Anna Schwende and Miss Minnie Hotherr. Mr. James Fieldden, and Mr. Joseph Weyer were the groomsmen.

John T. O'Connell,

88 WASHINGTON-ST.,
CHICAGO.

REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND INSURANCE.

Building Loans a Specialty.

Special Attention Given to the Interests of Non-Residents.

PERMANENT POSITIONS with good pay are now open for a few industrious, reliable Catholics willing to travel short distances. Apply, with references, to BENZIGER BROS., 36 & 38 BARCLAY-ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

EARTHLY VAPORS.

When heavily upon thee weigh the cares
Of earth, and into dull despair
  Thy struggling spirit falls;
When thronged with rushing troubles, pressed
  with worries,
Thy soul's free motions flag and fail
  Until for help it calls:

When thy full ear can only hear the din
Of eager struggles for earth's dross—
  Deaf to the melody
That lives in voices loved of many years—
Come then and lay thy duties down
  Till thou thy spirit free.

Then rest upon the kindly lap of earth
And watch the fleecy clouds sweep o'er
  The sky's extended blue;
Drink deep of nature's calm content, and let
Thy soul beseech his tender grace,
  Who all thy failures knew!

The heavy load, the dull depression lay
Thou at the Master's feet, and he
  Will bless and comfort thee;
Trust thou in him and he will bear thy load
And thee out of the wilderness,
  And thy protection be.
—Mary H. Dougino in Good Housekeeping.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

Fields gave a croupy chuckle. She had passed young Paxton without returning his bow. There could be no doubt of it, for Fields had seen the whole proceeding from the moment when she turned the corner, the stiff river breeze blowing about her face certain stray locks of the soft, short hair under her beaver hat.

She had looked very sweet to Fields, coming in sight against the tall Cumberland cliffs. It seemed to him that she had been smiling, but he surmised this from the change which struck across her face upon passing Paxton's store. Her very coat collar stood about her ears aggressively, and though Fields was not commonly given to humorous perceptions of things, he saw in his daughter's small human assumption of arrogance a certain incongruity with the bleak hills hedging the town, their tops flat, as if they had crouched to keep their bald heads from striking the hard autumnal sky.

"Look like thar's some things that feller ain't gittin, if trade is a whoopin his way," considered Fields, staring toward Paxton's store, which occupied the river corner just above the landing at which Nashville boats stopped on their way to the head of navigation. It was a new building, that store, which in Fields' old age had risen to place his own commercial merits in the eye of scorn. Among the weathered cottages of the town its yellow walls rose with great dignity, its clean window gay with pyramids of tomato cans festooned in bright prints and cotton laces.

With so many odds in his favor it was natural enough that things should be going Paxton's way. His way, indeed, meant radicalism and reform, and all the rash ventures of young blood and unlicked ideas. The village at first blush had fought very shy of Paxton. He was from "up no'th;" he advertised; he was good looking, a yellowish mustache barring his face like a streak of sunshine. The town decided against taking stock in so insidious a combination.

Paxton, however, kept right on. It was a good point for country and river trade. Fields had made money, apparently by strictly natural methods and without the vaguest effort.

His store included the postoffice and stood some forty paces above Paxton's. Time had breathed long and asthmatically upon the window panes of Fields' store, covering them with a veil of gray which effectually concealed the fact of dust on the commodities behind it. Inside were some boxes and barrels, an odor of tobacco, a potbellied stove and Fields himself, a slow man in his fifties.

With these superannuated attractions Paxton felt that he could scarcely fail of successful competing, if only he could hold out long enough to win the town's confidence. But confidence is not an easy thing to win in a Kentucky town in which the war is considered as barely over and freshly discussable.

It took Paxton several months to down the native conservatism, but once the first weariness of the burgers was overcome, they gave way on a sudden to the delight of getting better things for less money than Fields had charged, and Paxton found an unexpected victory in his plumes.

Fields took his defeat calmly. He took everything, even his whisky and water, in that way. He seemed to lack capacity of any kind of action, and it was a common wonder as to where that girl of his, that Louisa M., got her spirit. For her spirit commanded instant recognition. Fields himself stood in awe of it, and as Louisa M. rushed up the store steps he drew back with a sense of impending unpleasantness.

"Say, Louisa M.!" he broke out in a conciliating tone, "I saw yeh give Paxton the go by. You're kindeh hard on him, ain't yeh?"

The girl flung her soft hat on the counter and plunged into a chair.

"Oh," she said, "pappy—I've just been down to see the new boat land. They sent an order to him for something they'd run out of. I can't stand it. I won't—that man coming down here and taking everything and doing you out of your rights, and—oh!" She gasped a little, tossing her hair with an excited hand, her eyes strangely blue in the darkness of her vivid little face.

Fields' jaw assumed an amiable laxity.

"Don't take on so," he said. "I hain't got nobody but you, and I reckon I got enough laid by to keep us. I'd kindah like to quit business anyhow and hev a gyarden and raise things. 'Course I 'spise to see my old friends a-chasin into Paxton's store, but I ain't a-complainin. He keeps ez good a grade o' tobaccer ez ever I smoked after, and sells it reasonable."

His daughter flashed around a startling glance.

"I am going to stop all this," she said. "Yes, pappy, I am not going to stand it. I won't see you trampled on. He may be 'smart'—that Paxton. So am I. I've got as much natural wit as he any day of the world. I will show 'im!" She held out a rigid little hand. "Do you know the last mean trick he's been up to? He's had his name painted along all the pike fences and cliffs, 'Come to Paxton's for new goods,' that's what he's put up. It's an insult—it means that our goods are old."

Fields looked around.

"Well," he said, "our stuff is pooty tol'able seasoned, Louisa M." She wheeled about.

"We'll get new. We'll paint the store, and order a whole stock of everything. I'll go to the city myself and order what is necessary. I won't hev no one get ahead of you, pappy." Fields looked miserable, but it never occurred to him to make head against Louisa M. Ruin would doubtless be the issue of the reckless enterprise, but Fields was helpless.

"I'll show him how to do business," said Louisa M., standing erect, her nostrils dilated. Fields shook his head. He continued to shake it solemnly at intervals in the days that followed, when boxes and bales to his direction began to tumble off the boats which carried the Southern road's freight down the river.

"Gittin a move on yourse'f, eh, Uncle Jimmy?" suggested the village idlers, observing these signs of trade. But Fields' jaw only elongated the more, while his brow became a network of conflicting wrinkles.

It was remarked in open council at Paxton's store "that Uncle Jimmy Fields warn't lookin jest up to the notch."

"Mebby he misses that girl o' his'n," suggested some one. "She's away somers. He sets everythin by that er Louisa M. Say, Paxton, I like to died that night at Wilson's dance when you ast fer a cudrille, and she jest sized you up and says she's engaged fer every set! Lord, the look she give yeh! double barreled and self loadin! But say, Paxton, you oughtn't of give her the comfort of seein you make a home sneak on account of it."

Paxton's cheeks reddened. He was slight and tall, and his shoulders twitched a little.

"She has a right to pick her friends," he said. The other man strapped on a spur, his foot on his knee.

"Fields is paintin his house," he said. "They tell thet he's fixin up inside too. Reckon Louisa M.'s been stirrin him up."

After Louisa M.'s return the changes became more marked. Two shades of pea green illuminated the house without. Inside a new stove and a complete stock of dry goods invited the villagers. Even the window underwent a startling metamorphose from graveness and grime to gaudiness. When it was found that prices were happily in accord with all this enlivening prospect town sages remarked that "Uncle Jimmy, when it comes to rale tradin, can whip any young dozen o' Paxton's sort with one hand tied behind him."

Matters began to look dark for Paxton. Public favor is an uncertain thing, impermanent as the sudden rush of bloom on an apple bough in spring. Paxton's hour of blossoming seemed past. He thought often of removing to another town, but he had a certain sense of surrender in departure. He knew well enough that she was at the bottom of his overthrow—that daughter of Fields—that little gypsy faced creature, with her black silk locks. He could see the mockery in her oddly blue eyes, the scorn on her lips when she should hear that he had given up the battle.

She never spoke to him now. Since he painted advertisements on the fences she had not so much as looked at him in passing. But she could be gentle enough. Paxton remembered how pleasant she had been when he first came to town the year before looking for a place to establish himself. When he decided to stay it had been with more thought of Fields' daughter than of Fields. He had not thought of competition, but this had been thrust upon him before he considered what it meant. It meant everything adverse, and after Paxton read this in the open disdain of Louisa M. he felt there was nothing for him but to go on and be successful, though success now had bitter dregs and broke in sharp, spiteful sparkles at his lips.

One morning in May, Fields, surveying from his door the rocky hills, no longer rugged, but rounding with spring greenery to a virginal softness of curve, fetched a big sigh.

"Mebby it's only the time o' year," he speculated, "but somehow I don't feel jest right—'spech'ly when I git to studyin 'bout young Paxton."

Lousa M. gave the back of his gray head a glance of challenge. She was setting things to rights in the showcase, and she thrust a bone hairpin rather angrily into a bolt of ribbon.

"Why?" she exclaimed.

"We've run him too hard," said Fields uncomfortably. "A friend o' his named it to me yistiddy that he couldn't holt out much longer. I feel this ways: I had my chance and he ought to hev had his. He hadn't no ill will to'des me. He was gittin trade fa'r and squar', and he could of kep' it ef I hedn't undersold him clar below cost prices. I feel ez mean and or'nry ez a fice dog that sucks eggs. I hain't treated him white."

"Business is business," said Louisa M., shaking back her hair. She was a little thing in a gathered pink frock, but she looked to Fields as immutable as the austere justice on coin of the realm. Perhaps after all she was right, and he himself was swayed from judgment by a sort of limp tendency to see other folks comfortable. Fields resignedly modeled his big clay conceptions upon the tiny marble models of Louisa M.'s ideas, but somehow, though, his unwieldy notions were grotesquely like the pattern; they were soft and unstable, and required constant bolstering into shape.

Though Paxton might be, as Louisa M. declared him, the evilest of Adam's blood, it hurt Fields to see the handsome young fellow going about the village with drawn face and downcast eyes.

"I'm a-losin flesh!" he complained to his daughter. "Thet feller hes got away with my appetite. I'd rather go ragged ez a picked buzzard than keep this up. I'd feel a heap better, Louisa M., to mark thet last lot o' calicoes up a little." but under his daughter's chastising eye he drew a flagging breath.

"You leave things to me," commanded Louisa M. "You don't know anything about business, pappy! We're only turning his own blade against Paxton. He deserves to fail! He came here a year back honeying around and never saying he was looking for a place to locate. I was nice to him. I used to talk to him free as air, never suspicioning he was aiming to do my own father up." Her voice choked. She had paled under her coppery skin, and her wet eyes were like violets that tremble open in a swart March bank.

Finally along toward summer the end came. Paxton assigned for the good of his creditors. A lawyer from Burksville came to take charge of things, and the steamboat landing was deserted, as men gathered in Fields' store to discuss the happening. The river was sinking and traffic was nearly suspended. Cows grazed on the sunburned pasturage of the lower hills. Tan colored hogs idled about the paveless streets, and children of corresponding tint of complexion played shrilly on the perilous river slope.

"Waal, he 'peared a likely young rooster."

"Yaas. Erthough I'm jest ez willin he busted Kentucky fer Kentuckians, says I, 'I'm a pertectionis' every time'—don' keer nothin about the platform." Fields, listening to this acute philosophy, suddenly cut in, his broad face curiously sunken: "Confound it. I say, a fa'r chance fer every one."

He stopped to pad his brow with a bunched red handkerchief; his views shortened by two circumstances. He had remembered that Louisa M. was somewhere in the back of the store, and just then, too, the throng of men had opened to admit a young fellow who came across the porch at a run, his hat off.

"Say!" he panted, the exhilaration of bad news in his face, "why, say!—did any of ye hear about Paxton? He's went to work and shot hisse'f. That feller from Burksville was talkin to a raft of us outside Paxton's store and we heerd a rifle go off up steers in Paxton's room, and he tore up thar and busted in the door, and—Lord! wait till I get my breath!—I got it from Smith, the"——

There was a little sound behind the huddle of men—a sound like a sharp breath, and a clatter of tin and a heavier resonance.

In front of the molasses barrel an overturned quart measure and a long nosed funnel rolled on the bare floor in lessening arcs. Near by in the gloom of the inner apartment something had fallen, something which looked like a limp heap of pink calico and which, as Fields lifted it, trailed flaccid arms, its little neck letting the head back in a sickening way of lifelessness.

Outside the sunshine lacquered the river with a milky gleam. A delicious blueness misted distant hills, and near by Fields' store a bluejay flashed its wings, uttering rasping cries. Two men coming up the road were laughing as they sauntered along—one, an elderly person, mopping his face.

"You scared me out of a year's growth, just the same!" he said. "I knew you were down in the mouth, and when that shot rang out—I—well, I naturally thought you had done for yourself. I went up those stairs four steps at a time, shouting to those fellows below to run for a doctor."

Paxton gave rather a grim smile.

"I believe you're disappointed that it was only a chicken hawk I was firing at!" he said. "Mrs. Wick had just called to me from the back yard to shoot it. She's been missing pullets lately."

"So you let go. Say, Paxton, something must be the matter down at Fields'. Look! Isn't that Fields crossing the road! He's carrying—it looks like a woman!"

Fields lived opposite his store in a white cottage. Paxton, staring ahead, caught a vanishing glimpse of the old man's clumsy figure, his arms overflowing with the springlike freshness of Louisa M.'s gown.

"Hello!" said a fellow on the skirts of the little group of men at the store steps as Paxton strode forward. "Yeh ain't hurted, then? What's thet? Oh, about Fields—why it's Louisa M. She's a little fainty, I believe. Some o' them fool boys kem in and blurted out about you bein—waal the boy unly told what he heerd—I don't blame him—but Louisa M., she jest swounded agin the merlasses bar'l, and Uncle Jimmy he"—But Paxton was not listening any longer. He had crossed the road and gone up the little path to Fields' front door, and he had gone with so vague a premeditation that when Fields himself lumbered toward the threshold, a look of relief on his stolid face, the younger man could only stammer at the reason of his presence.

"They were telling me—of her—of your daughter—I wanted to ask"—after all he stopped feebly enough and let Fields fill out the sentence as he might.

"She's all right now, thanky, Mr. Paxton," said Fields. "We got word as they wasn't no truth in them reports." He waved his hand behind him. "She's in thar."

Paxton had already seen her, the stern young foiler of his commercial prowess, sitting back in a rocking chair, her lips rather white, her eyelids drooping.

She managed to lift them as Paxton came into the room. She even held her hand out and glanced up at him just once. It was the merest half glance, but Fields, who chanced to be looking, had a queer unwonted sense of being startled.

He went out, his jaw speculatively let down.

"I wouldn't of believed," he pondered, "she could of looked that sugarfied at the Angel Gabriel! I reckon I kin hev a gyarden now! They won't need me in the store. She's business, Louisa M. is!"—Eva Wilder McGlesson in Washington Post.

One person out of every seven in the United Kingdom is a depositor in the postoffice savings banks, which have nearly $360,000,000 deposits.

A PAIR OF TROUSERS.

A GARMENT THAT DRIFTED AROUND THE NORTH POLE.

A Lost Pair of Nether Coverings Belonging to a Sailor Has Mapped Out for Daring Explorers a Route Through the Most Northern Seas.

The history of a pair of trousers that have been around the north pole, according to scientists' theories, enlivened the subject of the arctic problem, as handled by Professor Angelo Heilprin before a large gathering of Geographical club members at the Century club's hall. The garments, it seems, were the property of a sailor who accompanied an expedition to the north by way of Behring sea. How the apparel got into the current presumed to set in some distance above the frigid line did not appear, but Professor Heilprin described the way in which it traveled day after day, as geographers believe, far to the impenetrable north, swept around the pole, crossed it perhaps, until it entered the northern ocean boundary of Greenland and came down its snow lined coast into the comparatively beaten track that made its discovery easy.

The professor illustrated his remarks with a map of Greenland thrown on a canvas from a stereopticon, one of the first correct geographical representations of that icy land perhaps ever made. With a long cane he traced the progress of the sailor's trousers from point to point, triumphantly establishing in the opinion of many learned men the theory of a current sweeping in a circular path through the arctic regions.

Professor Heilprin went on to tell of an expedition that will start from Norway, and followed as far as possible in the wake of the sailor's nether garments, the idea being that the waters will carry the ship almost without guidance clear to and around the north pole. The vessel is to be built with a view to an effectual resistance of the crushing effects of great ice masses. Another expedition will set out with the same objective point in view, but by a different route. The way pointed out by Parry in 1829, by way of the northeastern coast of Spitzbergen, will be traversed, and Professor Heilprin was inclined to think that Parry's views of the proper way to get to the north pole were sound.

The chief result of Peary's work—from a geographical standpoint—the lecturer declared, was the final settlement of Greenland's northern boundary. The territory has at last been proven to be an island. Its most northern expanse, moreover, is not covered with ice and snow. Politically it is a no man's land from a short distance above the seventy-third parallel clear to its topmost line. A race of arctic highlanders inhabits this independent region, and these people are believed to be the most northern tribe in point of location on the earth's surface and also the least numerous—233 souls in all. They are a most honest and attractive people.

Professor Heilprin defended the north pole expeditions from the attack made upon them by those who declare they are of no practical utility. Not only had they the romantic interest attaching to attempts to attain the mysteriously evanescent, but their benefits to science and general knowledge have been considerable. The Peary expedition had not for its object the reaching of the north pole, but the establishment of Greenland's northern boundary. Its results, in the language of an eminent man of science, dwarfed all other expeditions of the kind.

With reference to Greenland's interior the theory has existed, based upon the deductions of a Swedish explorer, that an oasis existed there. This oasis was declared to be entirely free from snow and ice, and to form what might be a habitable spot, with perhaps the characteristics of advanced human life. This theory, however, was but Alexander von Humboldt's theory restated, based upon observations of the altitudes of mountains. This theory, so far as the island of Greenland is concerned, is now found to be fallacious upon demonstration that cannot be questioned.

The experiences of whaling vessels, which during the last century penetrated far to the north beyond the known limits of the Arctic regions and found an open sea with very little trace of ice, were considered by Professor Heilprin. He considered the accounts quite accurate, contrary to the belief of many others, and thought that climate conditions may have changed in the frozen regions during the last 100 years.

The professor was inclined to think the discovery of the north pole but a comparatively few years off.—Philadelphia Press.

The Economical Mule.

The mule is ready to begin work two or three years earlier than the horse. He can be put to pretty heavy pulling when he is 3 years old, and from that time until he is 40, if he has fair treatment and does not meet with an accident, he is not likely to lose any time. He is not subject to the many ailments to which the horse is a victim, at least not to any great degree. He lives about twice as long and his actual period of usefulness is nearly three times as long, for the horse is really not fit for heavy service until he is 5 years old, or after he is 20, while a mule will often do good service for forty years, and they have been known to work fifty, according to one writer, without being turned out at any time during all that long period.

Like the ass, the mule will live upon next to nothing, and during all his forty years of hard service a mule will not require—and generally does not get—half the feed necessary to sustain a horse during his much shorter period of usefulness. Jack will thrive on what is out here contemptuously called "cow hay"—wild dried grasses—with a handful or two of corn, and on such food will outwork a horse of his own weight fed upon good wheat hay and crushed grain.—San Francisco Call.

Where Silence Reigns.

"There is a place down south where one can hear the heart of a man six feet away beat distinctly and clearly. Each systole and diastole is as unmistakable as the tick of a big mantel clock."

The speaker was a Chicago traveling man, and he was addressing a half dozen loungers. Six whistles of incredulity from as many throats.

"It's a fact. I'll swear to it. Thousands who have been there are witnesses to it," he asserted.

One by one they sorrowfully departed until the last one, who said mournfully:

"John, a bit of advice. Let your lies be probable."

"Well, if that don't beat all," declared the traveling man. "I might have told 'em I caught a 40-pound bass and they'd have believed it, or affected to do so. But because I tell 'em something true they never heard of before they make me out a Munchausen or worse. It is down in Mammoth cave, Kentucky. Our guide stopped our party by the shore of the Echo river and had us put out our lanterns that we might be in darkness which might be felt. Dark, was it? The darkest place in all the universe. Well, that idiot had lost his matches, and there wasn't one to be had among us all. Scared wasn't the word. Three miles underground. The guide reassured us by declaring that relief must be had in a few hours at most. That didn't reconcile us much.

"We staid there ten mortal hours before a search party sent out from the hotel reached us. Then it was as we sat in the darkness we observed the heartbeats—not only our own, but those of our companions. We thought it was due to the thumping that came of our scare. But, bless you, no; it wasn't. For after we were found and on our way out we tried it and learned that it was possible anywhere in the cave, so great is the awful silence."—Chicago Mail.

The Old Man.

West toward Willimantic, on the New England road, there went the other day a strange party which typified the wrong relations of young and old America. They were four—father and mother, daughter and son.

The parents were feeble and old, unmistakably Irish. The father was one of those small, red whiskered, stoop shouldered men, blear eyed and slow of movement, whose appearance tells of long years of privation, toil, thrift. At a glance you would back the man to be honest to the backbone, self sacrificing, possessed of all the virtues, but illiterate and a bit slow. The mother was effaced under a veil. The daughter and son were flashily dressed and quite knowing of aspect. They didn't care to associate too obviously with the old folks and had seats on the opposite side of the car, from whence the hard featured daughter cast the sweeping glances of a stern disciplinarian at the older couple.

The old man's linen was clean, his black coat spotless. By and by he spat aimlessly upon the floor. It's a thing not defensible, but in him excusable. Not so thought the daughter. She darted across the car with heightened color in her cheeks and grasped the old man roughly by the arm. "Here," she said, "stop spitting on the floor. Don't you do it again. You hear me?"

The old man must indeed have heard, but there was no sign of it in his demeanor. He took his lesson meekly, as became an American citizen by adoption whose daughter holds the reins, and thereafter peace brooded over the ill assorted four.—Providence News.

Leaches and Crayfish.

While walking on the beach at Lake Chautauqua one day I observed a crayfish lying just at the edge of the water.

On picking it up I found that it had molted but a short time previously, and that its new shell was still quite soft. As I lifted the animal I was surprised to see five large leeches, the smallest of which in its semicontracted position extended nearly three inches, hanging from the body, and upon a closer investigation observed that all five were attached to a single portion—the left chela. The part which had been attacked by the leeches was the area of attachment of the adductor muscle, and if the work had not been interrupted by my examination it would have resulted in the complete crippling of the pinching apparatus of that side. Other and seemingly less protected portions of the body were uninjured.

It would be interesting to ascertain whether the point of attack in this case was accidental or determined by intelligence, but the appearance was that the leeches, appreciating that their prey was just at this time incapable of protecting itself, had deliberately attacked the animal in such a way as to prevent it from protecting itself in case its shell should sufficiently harden before they had succeeded in killing it.—Cor. Science.

A Story of Professor Huxley.

Professor Huxley, D1. Wayland declares, was once sitting at dinner beside a lady who, in impassioned tones, asked him whether he did not think it a very terrible thing that the Rev. Mr. Jones, the vicar, should have adopted the eastward position in administering the sacrament. "My dear lady," he replied, "I am told by Sir John Herschel that to drop a pea at the end of every mile of a voyage on a limitless ocean to the distance of the nearest fixed star would require a fleet of 10,000 ships, each of 600 tons burden; all starting with a full cargo of peas. Now do you really suppose that the Maker of the fixed stars considers this new position of Mr. Jones a serious thing?"—New York Tribune.

A Monster Specimen.

The largest specimen of extinct animal ever found in the world was the skeleton of a Dinosaurian reptile discovered in the Bad Lands in 1882. The weight of the skull alone was 694 pounds, and of the whole skeleton 1,900 pounds. It is now in the rooms of the Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia.—St. Louis Republic.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TEARS.

Weeping Shows That Grief Centers Are Being Relieved of Sensibility.

Fear, grief and joy, to say nothing of pathos and anger, bring tears to the eyes. They are said to come from the heart; and this is true, for no one ever reasoned himself into weeping without a first appeal through the imagination to some emotion. Tears are the natural outlet of emotional tension. They are the result of a storm in the central nervous system, giving rise to changes in the vascular terminals of the tear secreting glands. These changes induce profuse excretion of water and weeping results. In a mild degree some excretion is always in process, to bathe the eye and clear it of foreign matter.

The controlling center is at a distance, though the secretion may be kept up by the small trace of saline substance that is present in the tears themselves. The lachrymal glands lie between the nervous center and the mucuous surface of the eyeball. Tears afford a good illustration of the way in which nervous fibers are capable of conveying to a secreting organ exciting impulses from both sides of a gland lying in their course. Afferent and efferent communications bring about a similar result. Internal nervous vibrations and external excitation or reflex action cause a flow of tears. In both instances the exciting impulse is a vibration.

Niobe, "all tears," and the unfortunate pedestrian with a minute particle of steel from the rail of an elevated road in his eye, are unwilling exponents of a similar process. They weep the same kind of briny fluid, in exactly the same way, though from widely different causes. Imagination is at times sufficient to excite the nervous system into the production of tears without external aid or reflex. Writers and readers of good fiction weep over it alike, and the actor loses himself so entirely in the exigencies of dramatic art that he sheds real tears and the audience shed tears with him. Of a truth the man who never weeps has a hard heart, and the quality of his intellect may also be questioned.

Emotion, then affection, grief, anxiety, incite to tears; not pain or discomfort. The pangs of maternity are tearless, though the influence of ether or chloroform may cause some emotional dream that results in weeping. In the earlier days of surgery patients might scream and utter such pitiful cries as to sicken the bystanders, might even faint with pain, yet there were seldom any tears. These being pure waves of emotion and a relief to the heart are almost powerless to mitigate pain. Perhaps one who weeps from pain does so from unconscious though selfish pity—in other words, from emotion.

For the tearful change of scene, mental diversion and outdoor life are the best remedies. The author quoted objects to alcohol as fearfully injurious. It disturbs and unbalances the nervous system, keeps up a maudlin and pitiful sentimentality and sustains the evil. Alcohol is the mother of sorrow. An opiate, however, prescribed at night, soothes and controls and really disciplines rebellious nerve centers. Sleep cures tears. And so does time—the restorer.

Persons subject to many and repeated griefs forget how to weep, and the old, as compared to the young, are almost tearless. Tears have their value in the life of humanity not as tears, but as signs. They show that grief centers are being relieved of their sensibility, and that the nervous organization is learning how to bear up against sorrow.—Asclepiad.

A Fortunate Cat.

It isn't every cat that has the good fortune to come into a settled income, but that pleasing distinction from the rest of his race is enjoyed by an animal attached to the Produce exchange staff. He has had the job of looking after the mice and rats on the big exchange floor ever since his kittenhood, and he is now very nearly a full grown cat and a sizable one as well. Grain samples are sure to attract the rodents, and the Produce exchange did not secure exemption from their visits. Traps were tried with some success, but the relief thus obtained was only temporary, and it was finally decided to resort to a cat. To secure one which would not run away at the first opportunity it was deemed wise to obtain a kitten, which, having no experience of the delights of midnight battles on back fences, would be satisfied to get along without them. The theory of this has proved to be correct. The cat never leaves the main floor of the building, and apparently is satisfied with the hunting ground it offers, spending the nights there with praiseworthy regularity.

At 9 o'clock each morning he gives up business and seeks rest in a carpeted corner of the superintendent's office. When the gong rings at 3 o'clock to warn the brokers that the exchange day is over the cat starts out to patrol his beat, making a leisurely circuit of the hall, and completing it about the time that the last stragglers are disappearing. He is a good hunter, and eclipses the achievements of the traps, his presence on the floor at night having resulted in rendering the rats and mice far less of a nuisance than they were. His pay comes in the shape of regular rations, while a polished metal collar about his neck shows that he is the "official" cat of the exchange.—New York Times.

Paprika, or Hungarian Pepper.

A very delicious red pepper, too little known in this country, is the Hungarian paprika. It is little, if any, stronger than white pepper, has an exquisite flavor peculiarly its own, and threatens no hepatic troubles. Although a very good pepper for table use, the chief excellence of the paprika is in culinary employment. Heat brings out its flavor, and being so mild it may be used lavishly without giving pain to tender mouths.

The Spanish black pepper, which grows in long pods like vanilla beans, closely approximates to paprika, but is not quite so fine a flavor. It is a little milder and is principally used in cooking.—Food.

WILLIAM COBBETT'S WIFE.

A Case Where True Love, Though It Did Not Run Smooth, Conquered at Last.

From the day that I first spoke to her I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man more than I had of her being transformed into a chest of drawers, and I formed my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could, so that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in a book of fate.

At the end of about six months my regiment, and I along with it, were moved to Frederickton, a distance of a hundred miles up the river of St. John, and what was worse, the artillery was expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment. The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover.

I was aware that when she got to that gay place Woolwich, the home of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like besides that she should continue to work hard. I had saved 150 guineas, the earnings of my early hours in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay.

I sent her all my money before she sailed, and wrote to her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with some respectable people, and at any rate not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes and to live without hard work until I arrived in England, and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time; Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka sound, and poor, brawling Pitt, too, I am afraid! At the end of four years, however, home I came, landed at Portsmouth and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then major of my regiment.

I found my little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was at five pounds sterling a year in the home of a Captain Brisac, and without hardly saying a word about the matter she put into my hands the whole of my 150 guineas unbroken!—"Advice to Young Men," William Cobbett.

Labor and Wages in London.

The trades unionist operatives of London belonging to such guilds of artisans as the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the Carpenters and Joiners, the Bricklayers, are the aristocracy of labor, better off on the whole than the other workmen of Europe, as well off as the best of those working in the United States or Canada, inferior in their social position among the workmen of the world only to those of the Australian colonies. The problems which we cannot solve in London concern the unskilled laborers and the women workers, for even skilled or half skilled women are ground down by competition to wretched wage.

There are skilled needle women employed on "fancy" apron making paid 2s. 6d. for twelve dozen, able to make four dozen in a day by good work. The matchbox makers receive 2¼d. for 144 boxes, they finding the tow and paste and fuel for the drying that is needed in damp weather. They work hard for twelve to fourteen hours a day, and their earnings average 6s. to 7s. a week. Sackmaking, tobacco sorting, paper bag making, book folding, rag sorting are on the average no better paid, and there are in London in these and similar employments and in confectionery factories vast numbers of women earning but from 10d. to 1s. a day, although they have to display some skill.—Sir Charles Dilke in Harper's Weekly.

What She Thought of Slimkins.

Slimkins was a creature who wore trousers. He was rich and respectable. He didn't have to earn his own living. He was a butterfly of fashion. That's why trousers looked queer on him. He went to teas. He never led a german. He hadn't the capacity for that. He did have the capacity, though, for falling in love. As usual in such cases, he fell in love with a superior girl. Dreams and dudes go by contraries. So did the girl. She wouldn't have it a little bit.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" he moaned.

"You might commit suicide heroically," she suggested coldly.

"But that would be murder," he exclaimed, horrified.

"I think not," she said assuringly. "Any jury in the country would call it justifiable homicide without leaving the box."—Detroit Free Press.

Why Electric Lamps Blacken.

One of the most interesting results indicated by an investigation was that the blackening of the lamp bulbs is not entirely due to the deposition of carbon particles from the filaments, but is largely owing to vapor of mercury left in the lamp chamber by the Sprengel pump. The evil was far less apparent in lamps exhausted by pumps which did not involve the use of mercury. The reason of this blackening is a point which should be cleared up by chemists. It is suggested that minute quantities of sulphur may exist in the filament, and may combine with the traces of mercury vapor, forming, after a time, black, solid mercury sulphide.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Lumbering Methods in Maine.

The methods of lumbering have so greatly changed in Maine in recent years that there is scarcely an idle interval now between the driving time when logs are floated down to the sawmills, at the end of the season, and the chopping time, at beginning of the next season. Men now go into the woods in August.—Exchange.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

52 Dillwyn St. Phila., Pa.

Have taken a great deal of medicine in my life but no remedy ever helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I consider the best blood purifier in the world.

E. Walz

CURES OTHERS, Will Cure You.

A Giant Human Hand.

Upon the east side of North Seventh street, about midway between Poplar street and Girard avenue, stands a strikingly curious tree, which attracts the attention of every passerby. It stands just in front of a stable yard, and the employees of the place say that dozens of people come to them every week and make remarks or ask questions about the strange growth. From the thickness of the trunk at the base the tree is probably about forty years old, but its branches and foliage are new and fresh and look as though they were but the growth of a year or two. The trunk runs straight from the ground to a height of about fifteen feet.

Above this for a short distance is a thick globular mass of foliage, the leaves appearing to grow directly out of the wood. Above this growth run up three thick stalks or stumps, six or eight feet high, also covered with a dense, close mass of foliage. When the tree is viewed from the north side it presents a startling resemblance to a giant human hand protruding from the earth. The three big stumps at the top represent the three middle fingers, and upon either side of these can easily be seen configurations of the surrounding foliage which correspond to the little finger and thumb.

The explanation of the phenomenon is a curious one. The tree was once full grown and vigorous, but was attacked by blight or some other disease, and the dead trunk was pruned down to its present proportions, whereupon the present new growth developed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The foreman of the Wabash wreck crew at Decatur, Ills., named Chandler, became despondent because of his appetite for strong drink and committed suicide by drowning in the Sangamon river.

The famous jubilee shot fired from a 22-ton gun in Queen Victoria's jubilee year to ascertain how far a shot could be carried remained in the air 69½ seconds, and the highest point reached in its flight of twelve miles was 17,000 feet.

Dr Wilkins B. Brown of Brazil, Ind., was probably fatally injured by being thrown from his gig.

Gotlieb Hediger, engineer on the southbound passenger train on the Illinois Central, was mortally injured in a collision near Clinton, Ills.

Eugene Hutton, treasurer of South Bay City, Mich., lodge, No. 177, K. O. T. M., has disappeared. It is feared that the society is minus about $500.

The late James E. Hodge of New York has left $1,000 to Hope college, Michigan.

Eighteen thousand pounds of dynamite and other explosives have been received at San Antonio, Tex., for the government [illegible]

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M P, 145 Moore st.; Charles Lanrale, S C.; Stephen Conlev, J C.; James Kelley, [illegible]

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

P J Cahill, John T Kelly, J J Dillon, Henry Detmer, Dr M Brand, John C Schubert, T H Cannon, Ludwer Drolet, J F Scanlan, John Bednora, N A Kirschten.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 435 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Symon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 9 Emert st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 158 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hiaman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Hewson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 155 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 38th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 421 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 353 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 48, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuss, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2261 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av, E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 158 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 556 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 548 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farel, C R, 88 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schuitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Sicliden, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lunk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m. Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degnine, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R, John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Traunsht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Kranta, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 268 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N B Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, L. Henely 27th st. and Lake Shore, Chicago

State Secretary, J. F. Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut st, Bloomington, Ill.

State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison st, at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st

County Financial Secretary, D. Kirby, 466 W. Erie st.

County Treasurer, M. E Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—J. J. Adamson, Pres, 532 W Fourteenth st; Michael Fogarty, V P; Edward Quinn, R S, 873 Ashland av; Christopher McLaughlin, F S; Jeremiah O'Brien, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday each month at 7:30 p. m. at 188 Blue Island av.

Div. 2—D F Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing. Michael Hanmon, V P; P. F Brennen, Rec. Sec., Grand Crossing; A. Harmon, Fin. Sec.; Patrick J. O'Sullivan, Treas.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Wm. J. Lahey, Rec Sec; Wm. Hede, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month in Society Hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins 931 S. Halsted st, Pres.; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec.; Peter F. Radigan, Fin. Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport av. and Union st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3226 S. Halsted st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—William Sullivan, Pres. 130 Lytle st.; Patrick Carmody, V-P, Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 3442 Marshfield av; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; M. Doyle, V. P.; D. J. Mahoney, Rec Sec.; P. J. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec., James McDermott Treas. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p m. cor Clark and Michigan sts.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., S. Chicago; P. C. Finerty, V. P.; Thomas White, Rec Sec. S Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec.; T. Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m. in Fireman's Hall, South Chicago

Div. No. 10—John B. O'Connor, Pres., 4722 Bishop st; James Small, V. P., Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec., Wm Webb Treas. Meet first Sunday of month, Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av. 8 p m.

Div. No. 11—D. Kirby, Pres., 466 W Erie st M. E. Lynch, V.-P., T. J. Lamb, Rec. Sec., 578 W Erie st.; M. J. Bradshaw, Fin. Sec.; M. J. Corcoran, Treas. Meets 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts. 8 p m.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan, V. P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast, Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorris hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 3236 Fifth av; V.P., Lawrence Henely; Rec. Sec., P. J. Conroy, 493 35th st; Fin. Sec., William Houlihan; Treas., Michael Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh-st. and Armour av.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3602 Parnell av; V-P., Daniel Daly; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 820 Thirty-seventh st, Fin. Sec., Jeremia O'Hern; Treas., Charles Lynch Meets first Thursday of each month at 3759 S. Halsted st., at 8 p m.

Div. No. 22—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; John McGeoghegan, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 4004 Ashland av; M. Ryan, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av.

Div. No. 26—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V. P., John Kerr; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st; Fin. Sec., James A Walsh; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m. at Shields' hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, James Dolan, Pullman; V P, Wm J Carroll; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter J Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; Rec sec, James Gannon, 3756 Union av; Fin sec, Michael Hughes; Treas, M. Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month cor 35th st. and Emerald av.

Div. No. 36—Pres, John J. Keating, 5627 Jackson av; V. P., W. A. Cunnea, Rec. Sec., W. J. McMahon, 6935 Stoney Island av; Fin Sec., P. D. Ryan; Treas, J. J. Egan. Meet 2d and 4th Fr days at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn av.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Dooney, 6329 Honore V P, Thos Kelly; Rec Sec, Michael McDermott, 6136 Wallace st; Fin Sec, M B Hoey; Treas, C. McInerney. Meet 2d Sunday each month in St. Bernard's hall, 65th st. at 3 p m.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Director, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.

President, Rev. F. G. Lentz, Tipton, Ind.

First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.

Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.

Secretary, J. B. McCalley, Pittsburg, Pa.

Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.

Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

ST. STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, F. J. McKeague, 506 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

President, J. E. Carmody; V.-P., William Horgan; Rec Sec., J. H. Howard; Fin. Sec., Wm. Tobin; Treas., P. J. Kennedy. Knight Commander, John Byrne; V. Kt Com. John Robin; Sergt-at-Arms, D. J. Solon. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p. m. in Temperance Hall, cor Taylor and Miller sts.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

John O'Callaghan, 75 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 2010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E 8. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonsconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me

Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 304 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 528 Austin av Chicago.

Vice-President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill.

Secretary, John Mulvihill, 278 W. Erie st, Chicago.

Treasure John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.

Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.

County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 528 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. 2—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av, Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Fourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Aarcher avs; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Brooks st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. Keys; treas, P Dougherty. Meet 0 Tuesday at 8 p m, and Fourth Sunday p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May

OFFICERS OF THE ARCHDIOCESAN TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

President, H. J. McGuire, 5133 Wentworth-av.

Vice-President, Walter J Gibbons, North Franklin-st.

Secretary, J. J. Garrity, 41 N. Carpenter

Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 42 Pine st.

Marshal, J. Doyle, 2294 E. Huron-st

FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 631 W. Lake-st. Pres. William J. Lamer, 3 Smart-st.; V.-P., John Daley; Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 228 N. Wood-st; Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas. Wm. Cox; Marshal, John J. Bickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Jos E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized Feb. 6, 1865 Meet at new hall 95 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p m. President, David Barry, 22 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Michael Kenny; 2nd V.-P., J. J. Barry Sec'y, J. J. Hackett, 56 W. Taylor-st.; Asst Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Sheridan, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of church at 2 p. m. Thomas Cusack, President, 99 Walnut-st., 1st V.-P., A. L. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 619 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Asst Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Barry; Marshal, R. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1870. Meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Sodality hall, corner May and Eleventh-sts. Pres. John W. Clancy, 401 S May st.; V.-P. Martin O'Connell; Sec., James Cleary, 362 Maxwell st.; Fin. Sec., Alex Cairns; Treas., William Colbert; Marshal, James F. Gallagher.

ANNUNCIATION T. A. SOCIETY—Meets every Tuesday evening in School hall, Wanbansia av and Commercial st. Pres, Thos. L. Hogan; V-P. John F. Cunneen; Rec Sec, John Nash, 929 Elston av.; Fin Sec, B. J. Mahony Treas, John J. Cullinan; Marshal, Ernest Wittleben; Sergt-at-arms, Joseph F Ash; Spiritual Director, Rev. E. M. Griffin.

SACRED HEART T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets in basement of church, first Sunday every month at 4 p m. John A. Byrnes, President, John J Griffin, V-P; James W Griffin, Secretary, 339 S Halsted st; John Jennings, Asst Sec; Patrick Griffin, Treas; James Lynch Marshall.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S T. A. &

ESTABLISHED 1867.

HIBERNIAN BANKING ASSOCIATION,

CORNER CLARK AND RANDOLPH-STS.

Transacts a General Banking Business. Solicits the Accounts of Banks, Merchants, Manufacturers, Traders and others.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

DRAFTS on the Bank of Ireland and its Branches of £1 Sterling and Upwards.

IS EMPOWERED by its charter to receive money in trust from Courts, Executors, Administrators, and others. Also to accept and execute trusts of all kinds and to act as receiver for Estates, Corporations, Firms, and individuals.

BUY AND SELL on commission investment and other first-class securities, and carry the same on satisfactory margins.

NEGOTIATE LOANS, make investments, and loan money at the lowest current rate on approved collaterals.

RECEIVES money in its Savings Department, allowing compound interest thereon.

If you wish to open a Savings Bank Account Look Up Its Record

J. V. CLARKE, President. HAMILTON B. DOX, Cashier. HENRY B. CLARKE, Ass't Cashier.

CHARLES F. CLARKE, Vice-President and Manager Savings Department.

OFFICE HOURS: 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.; Saturdays, 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. and 6 to 8 p. m.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Grocers.

HOGAN, WILLIAM, Dealer in Teas, Wines and Liquors. 44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago. Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BRIRNE, P. Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies. Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware. 349 W. Harrison street. Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J. Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for Imported Dilisk, 113 Erie-st., corner Market, Chicago.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING, The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper, No. 206 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren. A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN H., Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs, 150 to 166 West Madison street, Near Halsted.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 26 Portland Block, 107 Carborn-st. Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 931.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S, Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal. Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $5. per cord delivered. Office and Yard 328 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

SPECIAL.

EASY PAYMENTS OR CASH.

Gents' Suits, Ready Made or Made to Order. Facilities First Class. Prices guaranteed 25 per cent less than anywhere, we can afford it, owing to lack of expenses Watches and Diamonds. Everything Ladies' Apparel. Furniture and Pianos Boys' Suits.

JAMES T. CLARKE, Manager

112 S. CLARK-ST.

Rooms 526 & 528. Chicago Opera House.

TELEPHONE 2456.

AUSTIN J. KILKENNY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

HAY, GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED,

4937 S. Halsted St., CHICAGO.

Prompt Delivery. Car Lots a Specialty

JAS. O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY, 916 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE POWER, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Power, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1893, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 23, 1892

ANNIE POWER, Executrix.

James O'Connell, Attorney for Executrix.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL NAGLE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Nagle, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1893, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 7, 1892

MARY NAGLE, Executrix of the last will and testament of Michael Nagle, deceased.

David Sullivan, Attorney for Executrix.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

John Naghten & Co.

Agents Virginia Fire & Marine Insurance Company of Richmond, Va.

181 LA SALLE ST.

TELEPHONE 523. CHICAGO, ILL.

JOHN BEEGAN,

HATTER AND PARADE FURNISHER,

All kinds of Uniforms, Athletic Goods, Racing and Sporting Shoes, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics, and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges and Medals, Banners, Flags, and Firemen's Supplies.

228 SOUTH HALSTED ST.

CHICAGO, ILL. TELEPHONE 4092.

TELEPHONE NO. 3258. ESTABLISHED 1869.

UNION STEAM BOILER WORKS

JAS. LEONARD, Prop.,

Manufacturer of

Marine, Stationary & Locomotive Boilers, Tanks, Water Towers and Sheet Iron Work.

36, 38, 40 AND 42 E. INDIANA ST., CHICAGO.

Repair Work of All Kinds a Specialty. Orders will receive Prompt Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?

SEXTON, The Tea Man,

20 & 22 State street.

Branches. 60 Chicago av. 280 Blue Island av.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days. Never returns. No purge. No salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 2290, New York City, N. Y.

THE

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

RUN

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.

Through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Tourist Sleepers via the Northern Pacific Railroad between Chicago and Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash.

Convenient trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Waukesha, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Hurley, Wis., and Ironwood and Bessemer, Mich.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

S. R. AINSLIE, General Manager, Chicago.
J. M. HANNAFORD, General Traffic Manager St. Paul, Minn.
H. G. BARLOW, Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.
JAS. C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL,

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

UNIVERSAL LETTER-WRITER!

Or, the Art of Polite Correspondence.

Adapted for both sexes. This is the best letter-writer published either in Europe or America. It really tells how to write on any subject out of the writer's own head; how to compose a first-class intelligent BUSINESS LETTER, LOVE LETTER OR FRIENDLY LETTER. JUST THE BOOK TO REFER TO when you want to write something that you cannot find words to express. It gives as samples HUNDREDS OF LETTERS OF EVERY KIND, shows how to carry on a long correspondence with lady or gentleman—letters that never fail to penetrate the heart. No other book has the MYSTERY OF SECRET CORRESPONDENCE. Only French books have it. This book is worth its weight in gold to all who use or expect to use the pen, enabling them to write on any topic with elegance and ease; how to write for the press, rules for spelling correctly; on punctuation; on directing letters, rules for conducting debates and meetings; the art of rapid writing by the abbreviation of long hand; dictionary of abbreviations, and a great amount of information of value to everybody. Remember this is a new book and up to the times. It tells you as no other letter writer does, how to write a charming letter without any one ever knowing you used the book. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 CENTS. Stamps taken same as cash—or five copies for $1 00 postpaid. Mention this paper.

Address UNIVERSAL LETTER-WRITER, Room 46, 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,

COR. WELLS AND HURON-STS

Classes Tuesday and Thursday Evenings; admission 25c; private lessons $1.00; dancing every Sunday night under the management of FRANKEL & REICHART.

Lodge Halls to rent.

CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge. We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice. Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,

Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.

134 WEST MADISON ST.

OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

UNITED STATES AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS ESTABLISHED 1850.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN

The largest, fastest and most magnificent steamers in the world.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German & Scandinavian Port

Local Agents in all the principal towns in U. S.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, Gen'l Western Agent, 99 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

When sending for your friends

Bear This Fact In Mind, That

THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD LINE

Fast Express Mail Steamers

Established 1840.

has a whole fleet of floating palaces: "Etruria," "Umbria," "Aurania" and "Servia" sailing every Saturday from Liverpool and New York, and during the busy season fortnightly extras; also weekly sailings via Boston, making the

Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Service in the World.

Its character, record and general reputation for SPEED, COMFORT and SAFETY (having never lost a passenger in the 52 years of its existence) requires no comment.

Rates as low as by any First-Class Passenger Line Our Magnificent Mail Steamers are not expected to compete in rates with ships carrying cattle over and passengers returning.

Agents Wanted.

E. G. WHITING, Manager Western Dept., 121 Randolph Street, Chicago.

KEELEY Brewing Co.

MALTSTERS AND LAGER BEER Brewers,

28th St., and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO.

Furniture, Stoves,

Carpets and Parlor Goods.

HENRY STUCKART,

2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

NO CURE. NO PAY.

DR. KEAN,

The Eminent Special Physician.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

169 S. Clark St., Chicago.

When Going to Europe, Or Sending for Your Friends,

BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 10,000 Tons. TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons.

BRITANNIC, GERMANIC, ADRIATIC,

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, French, German and Scandinavian ports.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

E. MAITLAND KERSEY, Gen'l Agent, 29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

N. ANDERSON, Gen. Western Agent, 54 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

GUION LINE.

MAIL STEAMERS.

Alaska, Arizona, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Nevada.

EVERY SATURDAY BETWEEN

NEW YORK, QUEENSTOWN, LIVERPOOL.

Through Passage Tickets at Low Rates. Drafts on Dublin.

Cramer & Co.

GENERAL WESTERN AGENTS,

60 S. Clark St., Sherman House, CHICAGO, ILL.

PENSION CLAIMS.

The undersigned, having been duly recognised and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

U. S. Pension and Claim Agent,

39 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO.

FREE PORTRAITS and FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you from it an enlarged Portrait, with frame complete, absolutely free of charge. This offer is made in order to introduce our new Portraits and Frames in your vicinity. Put your name and address on back of photos, and send it to BROOKLYN ART UNION, 627 Marcy Ave., cor. Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Refer you to any banks in this city.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

A HAPPY HOME

As night draws down the curtain early, and the wind goes about whistling to keep itself warm, the question of how to spend best the evening hours becomes as familiar as the fireplace in every home.

"Papa, what'll we do for fun after tea?"

"Oh, John, I wish I had something nice to read."

These expressions come from the lips of children and wives almost every winter evening.

No game has yet been devised in which a whole family can take part night after night with pleasure to all. Tastes differ nowhere more than among the individual members of a family. One will want to read a novel, another history, another to study, another will like pictures, and the father of all will probably care for nothing so much as that which relates to his own business. When we say to you that there is one source from which all these tastes can be satisfied, that there is one way in which you can make every night this winter—which otherwise might be spent in profitless droning—a time of pleasure and of profit for every member of your family, we don't expect you to do more than to smile incredulously.

"Oh, that's only one of those advertisements," we know you will say.

But wait. In the REVISED ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA there is something about everybody and everything of importance that is or ever was in the world. Within the TWENTY volumes of this great work there are stories of lives that excel in interest any romance ever written; there is all about commerce, art, history, literature, mathematics, mechanics, business, to give you ideas and information for use in your daily work; there are plenty of pictures for the baby of the family; there is a liberal education for your children who are old enough to go to school; there are stories, hints, suggestions and recipes of invaluable interest to your wife. There are

NONE SO OLD, NONE SO YOUNG, NONE SO POOR, NONE SO RICH,

That they do not want, and cannot get the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica, for it will only cost you a DIME A DAY for only 90 days, and you will be presented with a Dime Savings Bank, which will enable you to save for this great reference library.

ONLY 10 CENTS A DAY.

On receipt of only ONE DOLLAR we will forward to you, charges prepaid, the entire set of 20 volumes, the remaining $9 00 to be paid at the rate of 10 cents a day (to be remitted monthly). A beautiful dime savings bank will be sent with the books, in which the dime may be deposited each day. This edition is printed from new, large type on a fine quality of paper, and is strongly bound in heavy manilla paper covers, which with proper care will last a lifetime. Bear in mind that the entire 20 volumes are delivered to your address, with all charges paid to any part of the United States, Mexico and Canada.

This is a special offer made to the readers of THE CITIZEN, and will remain open for a limited time only.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO THE CITIZEN.

THE CITIZEN:

Please deliver to me the entire set of 20 volumes of Revised Encyclopedia Britannica, as above described, together with your Dime Savings Bank, for which I enclose One Dollar, and further agree to remit 10 cents a day (remitting the same monthly) until the remaining $9.00 is fully paid.

Name.....

Postoffice.....

County.....

State.....

McAVOY BREWING COMPANY

2349 SOUTH PARK AVENUE.

Pure Lager Beer. Fine Bottled Export.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice Pres.
H. T. BELLAMY, Sec. and Treas.

TELEPHONE 3257.

Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company.

MILWAUKEE,

REPRESENTED BY

EDWARD G. UIHLEIN.

Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.

COOKE Brewing Co.,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.

TELEPHONE 3298.

CONRAD SEIPP BREWING CO.,

FOOT OF 27th STREET.

TELEPHONE 3350.

Chicago, Ill.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.

PILSENER BEER.